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BY

THOMAS BURKE

Delilah in India

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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THE LIVING AGE

July 25, 1925

Vol. 326 CONTENTS No. 4229

A Week of the World 171
Things on the British Mind — The Larger Race Issue — An Interchange of Courtesies — A Question of Domestic Jurisdiction — He Nobly Sheathes His Pen — Lethargy and Legislation — Minor Notes

The Indian in Africa . . . . . OTTO VON GOTTBERG 177
A Significant Episode in the Battle along the World's Far-flung Color-Line

What the Chinese People Want . . . AN INFORMING MANIFESTO 181
The Programme of the Party behind the Antiforeign Movement in China

The Rajah's Dancing Girl . . . . . A CORRESPONDENT 184
'Perhaps the Most Sensational Crime Committed in British India during the Two Generations since the Mutiny'

Awakening Afghanistan . . . . . MAURICE PERNOT 187
An Oriental Ameer with Occidental Ambitions

A Porcelain Garden . . . . . F. P. FARRAR 190
An Intimate Glimpse of the Cloister-Garth of Lima's Franciscan Monastery

A Black Man's 'Pilgrim's Progress' . . . . . A. WERNER 195
The Spiritual Masterpiece of a Mosuto Novelist

Pioneer Passages of the Atlantic . . . . CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND SUCCESSORS 200
By Sea, by Air, and under Sea to Link the Old World with the New

The Adventurer . . . . . THOMAS BURKE 205
The Story of a Man Who Wanted an Adventure and How He Chanced upon One

My Country Cottage . . . . . A. A. THOMSON 209

Antipater of Sidon . . . . . H. D. 210
A Poem

Life, Letters, and the Arts 211
Drama in Difficulties — Michelangelo's Little Joke — Digging up Roman Cities — Ku Kluxery Abroad — That Social Blunder — Epitaph: A.D. 2125 — Absent-Minded M. Painlevé — Koussevitsky in London — Careful — Flappers of Elder Days

Books Abroad 215
Les Armées françaises dans la Grande Guerre — Before the Dawn — Masaka — Married Alive — Books Mentioned

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THIS WEEK

STUPIDITY and ingratitude are the two deadly sins of the Indian inhabitants of those portions of Africa which rate a visit from the Prince of Wales. For hundreds of years the British have uncomplainingly attempted to civilize India; for almost the same length of time they have been making heroic efforts in Africa; more recently — and without a murmur — they also agreed to look after Germany's old possessions on the Dark Continent. And what do they get for their pains? In Johannesburg, which those lucky Dutchmen no longer have to govern, reluctant Nordic tradesmen have called out the Boy Scouts, whose good turn a day consists of handing out hundreds of printed notices pleading for white trade because the Indian immigrant undersells his European competitor from thirty to fifty per cent. The only hope is that the Negroes hate the Indians and the Indians hate each other. If only this unaccustomed rôle of beggar does not break the proud Britons' spirit, the White Race may win out. Similar conditions prevail in China, where the natives are beginning to make faces at the foreigners and eyes at the Bolsheviki. What they want there is fewer and better foreigners.

❦ ❦ ❦

In fact this whole issue is thoroughly insidious, and when you have finished reading this page you had much better throw it away. But if you insist on getting your money's worth, look at Ameer Amunullah, the great Afghan chief. He is trying to make his home city resemble the Sinclair Lewis country. Then, to return to India, there is that profligate Maharaja Holka, whose dancing girl, to call her a respectable name, escaped from his harem and launched out under new management. It ended in one murder and seven convictions of the Maharaja's most intimate friends, who had no interest in the lady, but were simply acting on orders from higher up.

❦ ❦ ❦

To that list of old familiar favorites, Rabusana, Bokwe, Mqaki, and the late Magema Magwaza, we must add the name of another Negro author, Mofolo, the Bunyan of the Congo. From the time of his hero's opening soliloquy, 'What is rain? Whence comes it? What are clouds?' until all his questions are answered, it is a thriller. And if you don't watch out, *Mr. A. Werner* will have you studying the native Xora dialects so that you can read it in the original.

❦ ❦ ❦

What an issue this is. Still nothing to appease the English-Speaking Union. Even our three intrepid transatlantic explorers include one Italian and two Germans. But in spite of their handicaps they all appear to have done pretty well by themselves, and we can recommend their triple-headed offering with scarcely an apology. For, had it not been for our latest contributor, *Christopher Columbus*, the Porcelain Garden in *F. P. Farrar's* Peruvian monastery would never have been built, much less described in the *Living Age*.

❦ ❦ ❦

The hero of *Thomas Burke's* story was forever consumed by the desire to 'go somewhere.' He even made up wild adventures about himself. Poor fellow. Clearly he had never heard of the *Living Age*.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 326 — *JULY 25, 1925* — NO. 4229

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THINGS ON THE BRITISH MIND

WHILE Europe awaits Germany's reply to the Anglo-French Note upon the Security Pact, which one Conservative Paris journal boasts is as involved and ambiguous as if it emanated from Berlin itself, the British press is ruminating over its commitments with a dismal affectation of complacency. The *New Statesman* says: 'It is undeniable that the vast majority of Englishmen . . . are isolationists at heart. We are willing to allow the signature of Great Britain to be affixed to a written document because we believe this to be necessary for the early achievement of a peaceful European settlement. But it is a necessity which we recognize with reluctance.' The London *Outlook* greeted the Note's publication with the jeering headline, 'Paper Pacts for Pale Politicians,' and ridiculed it as 'Geneva's specific for the complaints of Europe.'

Meanwhile there is hardly a pretense of agreement in the French and the British press respectively as to what the document really means. *Le Temps* — which, by the way, refers to the Note as 'the French Reply' — says: 'It is definitely settled that a Western Pact cannot pave the way for an overt or covert revision of the Peace Treaty, and that all the guaranties which existing treaties assure to Poland and Czechoslovakia will be maintained intact.' This means, as a *Manchester Guardian* correspondent points out, that the Pact proposed by France reserves to that country the right to take separate action against Germany without reference to the League. But apparently England has no idea of obligating herself to fight in defense of France should France provoke a war with Germany by marching her troops into the Rhineland to fulfill her Treaty obligations to Poland, in case of hostilities involving only the interests of the latter country. In fact the whole project is still in the air. As Pertinax points out: 'We are not at the end but only at the beginning of negotiations.'

But political questions, either foreign or domestic, including the passage of Mr. Churchill's budget, are of less immediate interest to the British public than the industrial situation. Unemployment continues to increase. Coal operators and railway managers are

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proposing further wage sacrifices to their employees. A special conference, called by the General Council of the Trade Union Congress to consider the grave unemployment situation and the growing seriousness of England's industrial position, should be in session the date of our present issue. With the air filled with threats of a general strike involving the miners and possibly the railway men and other great labor organizations, the prospect of a pleasant summer in the British industrial world is anything but promising. Mr. J. H. Thomas, one of the Parliamentary leaders of the workers, declared in a widely quoted passage of a recent speech: 'The feeling is growing that the employers' attitude will compel Labor to consider the whole problem of the present management of our industries.' Cryptic but portentous if the situation should once get out of hand! Happily the British are not apt to let that occur; and as we go to press the Government is reported to have appointed arbiters to adjust the dispute.

*

THE LARGER RACE ISSUE

RACE friction has protean aspects ranging from dignified diplomatic protests against the exclusion of Japanese from the United States to antiforeign riots in China, the peremptory hanging of an Italian engineer in Afghanistan, the massacre of an American official in Teheran, and the protracted and uncertain conflict in the Rif. Wherever it exists, small incidents not infrequently produce grave results. Abd-el-Krim's undying hatred of the Spaniards, in whose army he served with credit for a period, is said to date from a box on the ear received from a Spanish general in Morocco. The execution of Dario Piperno at Kabul for killing an Afghan policeman was the outcome of a physical chastisement that the young Italian engineer gave an unruly native subordinate. The Shanghai riots began with the killing of a Chinese striker by a Japanese foreman. These occurrences were the fulminates that set off a dangerous charge of stored explosives.

Communists and other social insurgents find an economic cause for all these difficulties and disregard the primitive passions that lie behind them. *Cahiers du Mois*, a French publication that makes a feature of questionnaire investigations into matters of current interest, has just published the results of an inquiry into the relations of the East and the West. M. Sylvan Lévi, who wrote with more authority on this subject than the other contributors to the discussion, said: 'I remember an odd character who imagined that there were only two languages in the world: French and foreign. The inventor of the formula "Orient and Occident" was a man of that type. The intelligent and logical Greeks were contented to divide the human race into Hellenes and barbarians. The formula has changed; the substance remains. To put in the same bag, tagged with the same label, a Syrian from Beirut, an Iranian from Persia, a Brahman from Benares, a pariah from Deccan, a merchant from Canton, a mandarin from Peking, a lama from Tibet, a Iakut from Siberia, a daimio from Japan, a New Guinea cannibal, a Congo Negro, and a Morocco Berber is ethnography gone mad.' And he concludes: 'After all, there are only Christian civilization and the rest of the world.'

Clarté, the organ of the ultraradical intellectuals of France, makes the division differently. 'At bottom there are capitalist — that is, imperialist — civilization and the rest of the world. That is why the earth has never before been so filled with hatred as since we have had the League of Nations, that instrument of hypocritical and bour-

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geois imperialism. That is why the crisis is no longer merely grave but tragic. That is why the eyes not only of Asia but of all the proletariat, all the oppressed, all the colonized, are turning with anguish and with hope toward Moscow. . . . That is why we assert that the present travail of the world, which some would ascribe to the opposition between Asia and Europe, others to the conflict between the Orient and the Occident, and still others to the estrangement of Europe and America, is simply a general question of all humanity.'

But recent events in China bring us back to a world of stubborn and complex facts that refuses to submit to such simple formulas. To be sure, imperialism is a convenient catchall in such discussions. The Peking National University Students Union published a pamphlet last month in Chinese, French, and English, which was distributed on the streets of all the larger cities of the country. This pamphlet was a protest against the acts of foreigners in China that were said to have provoked the present conflict. We quote from it as follows: —

'We are not antiforeign. But we are against the present Japanese and British policy of intimidation, overawing, and deliberate murder. We are against all foreigners who support the present Japanese and British policy of intimidation, overawing, and deliberate murder, and who believe that by consistently bullying the weaker nations the cause of the world's peace will be promoted. But we are not against people of any nationality who have a sense of common human brotherhood.

'*The Question of Responsibility.* Was a single policeman injured or wounded? Did a single student or street passenger strike a British constable? Did a single student carry arms of any sort or any instrument that could do injury to the police? Did the students disturb public peace and order? Were the students well behaved or not? Did the students do anything besides talk against the Japanese (for the murder of a factory worker), which was unpleasant to British ears?

'*The Question of Bolshevism.* Which is older: Bolshevism or the British imperialist policy of buying weaker nations all over the world under the very banner of Christianity? Was the policy begun long before the word "Bolshevism" was known or is it a new thing? Was the "righteous anger against Bolshevism" necessary for the British to commit the massacres and atrocities of the Denshawaii Horror in Egypt in 1906? And did we know the word "Bolshevism" in 1906? Every intelligent and self-thinking modern man refuses to take in all that the newspapers report from biased sources. The British Government is deliberately trying to shift the issue and to connect the affair with a sublime unselfish fight against Bolshevism to win the world's sympathy. What would Bernard Shaw say if he were here to-day? Unmask the hypocrisy. Who used violent measures? A butcher — who was shot from the back? A shop apprentice — who got shot in the thigh as he was running away? Or was it the party that fired both revolvers and rifles on an unarmed crowd of students and casual passengers?

'*Murder Deliberate or Accidental?* The British constables did not kill the Chinese in a moment of dire necessity or of forgetful madness. They continued to kill the next day, the day following, and right up to the present. "Kill! Kill! Kill! Damn the heathens! Overawe them! Bully them! They will be quiet." Thus they are confident of restoring order. Was the murder deliberate or accidental?

'*Extraterritoriality.* It is safer for

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foreigners to live under Chinese jurisdiction than for Chinese to live under foreign jurisdiction, for at least a Chinese Government never fired upon unarmed and well-behaved crowds. Legally speaking, has anybody ever known a legal machine so crude and primitive as the Shanghai Municipal Court, where there is no proper method of procedure and from which there is no higher appeal? Is there anybody who is still ignorant of the open bribery which goes on at the Court?'

The *Peking Leader* performed excellent service by publishing in a special supplement and elsewhere in its daily issues the most important statements bearing on these disturbances issued by groups of responsible Chinese and missionaries, and the faculties of the more important educational institutions in China. Without exception these statements attribute the blame for the disorders in Shanghai, from which the agitation throughout all China started, to the foreign authorities in that city.

Shanghai's Government is, to quote *The Nation and the Athenæum*, 'a curiosity of history for which it would be hard to find a parallel — short of Herodotus's description of the Greek international settlement of Naucratis in Ancient Egypt. Here is a municipal council, composed of representatives of half a dozen nations, administering a territory which belongs juridically to no single one of them, and which also contains a Chinese population vastly outnumbering the few thousand mixed foreigners in whose hands the administration lies.'

A touch of gayety is added to the tragedy of this episode by the dark suspicion lurking in the minds of a certain section of the Japanese press that some pro-Chinese newspapers in America are, to quote the *Japanese Times*, 'subsidized, at least backed, in one way or another by the Soviet Government of Russia.' While professing its own doubt as to the truth of such rumors, this English-language daily informs us that current report 'would include the *Washington Post* among those bought over for purposes of Soviet propaganda.' While a venerable and conservative publication like the *Living Age* naturally regards its comparatively juvenile contemporary at the Capital as capable of youthful vagaries, we fail to discover any substantial basis for this charge.

*

AN INTERCHANGE OF COURTESIES

MUSSOLINI has written the following letter to the London *Times*: —

'SIR, — I am very sensible of the fact that your most important paper attentively follows my political and polemical manifestations. Allow me, however, to rectify some statements contained in your last editorial.

'It does not correspond with facts that the last Bills voted by the Italian Chamber are against the most elementary liberties, whereof you will be convinced by carefully considering the articles of the aforesaid laws. It is not true that patriots are discontented. On the contrary, the truth is that the opposition is carried on by a small dispossessed group, while the enormous majority of the Italian people works and lives quietly, as foreigners sojourning in my country may daily ascertain. Please note also that Fascism counts 3,000,000 adherents, whereof 2,000,000 are Syndicalist workmen and peasants, thus representing the politically organized majority of the nation. Even the Italian Opposition now recognizes the great historical importance of the Fascist experiment, which has to be firmly continued in order not to fail in its task of morally and materially elevating the Italian people, and also in

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the interest of European civilization. Please accept my thanks and regards.'

To this the London *Times* replies that its eminent correspondent confines himself to general assertions and general denials: —

'Signor Mussolini says that the Bills just passed by the Chamber, including the Press Bill, the Civil Service Bill, and the Bill investing the Government decrees with the force of law, are not against the most elementary of liberties. That contention may be left to the common sense of the public. The closing sittings of the Chamber and his address to the Fascist Congress were the occasion of the article to which Signor Mussolini takes exception. The number of a leading Italian newspaper of very moderate Liberal views which reported the address was suppressed in one edition for commenting upon the sittings. The *Duce's* boast that Fascismo has 3,000,000 supporters who represent "the political organized majority of the nation" may be referred to the same tribunal. The nation numbers 40,000,000 Italians. What right have these 3,000,000 — if, indeed, there are 3,000,000 Fascists — to represent them?

'Signor Mussolini says quite truly that the enormous majority of the people are working and living quietly, and he denies that patriots are discontented. If the discontented are but "a small group," why is it necessary to gag the press, to forbid free speech, to forbid public meetings, and to arm the Executive with arbitrary and practically irresponsible powers? Signor Mussolini declares that the movement must be "firmly continued" for the moral and material elevation of the Italian people and in the interest of European civilization. There is difficulty in seeing how it can benefit either. The *Duce*, however, is quite uncompromising. "Our so-called ferocious *volontà totalitaria*," he declared to the Congress, "will be prosecuted with still greater ferocity," and "become the dominant principle of our activity." "Absolute intransigence," he added, "is the first watchword." With such principles and such a watchword misgivings are inevitable. We believe that Signor Mussolini sincerely and earnestly desires the welfare of Italy. We are convinced that this policy is not in the long run the way to promote it.'

*

HE NOBLY SHEATHES HIS PEN

Lord Birkenhead, who has made himself the target of criticism and the butt of ridicule in Great Britain by writing — and very voluminously — for the press since he has been a Minister of the Crown, has yielded to the desire of the Premier that he cease temporarily his illuminating literary activities. Past visions of a popular Chautauquan lecturer flit before our eyes. Commenting upon the noble Lord's sacrifice, the Conservative *Saturday Review* says: —

An aspect of amateur journalism to which sufficient attention has not been given is the question of whether or not it pays. That is, does it pay the papers, for of course it pays the celebrated amateurs who have invaded journalism. That the thing is the degradation of journalism, since it is merely the exploiting of ready-made and irrelevant reputations, we know. But does it pay? We believe that editors will soon find that it does not. The celebrated amateur may cost about £100 where the professional journalist would perhaps cost as little as £5. There is not an amateur in the whole queer crew who can steadily be relied upon to make good the difference by bringing in some 20,000 additional readers at a penny a head. When the magnates of the stunt press have discovered that, the silly game will be up.

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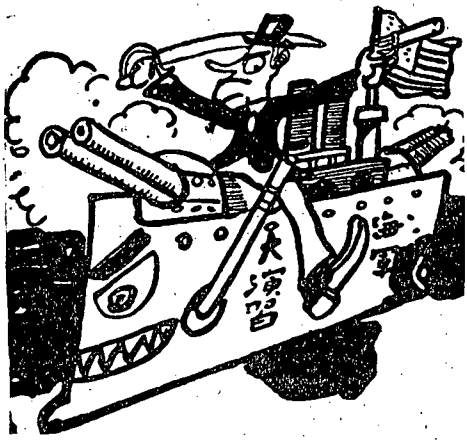
MINOR NOTES

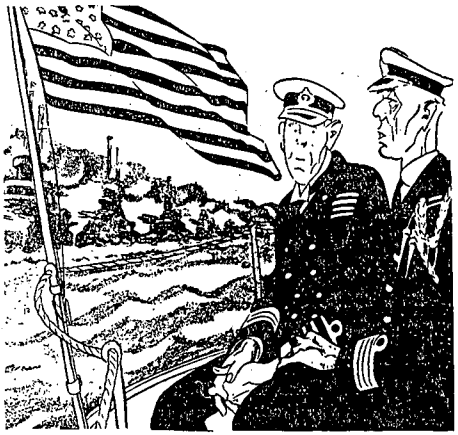
THE Royal Statistical Society has published an estimate of the burden of taxation in Europe, not based on the taxation per head, but on the proportion of the total national income taken for government purposes. According to this estimate, Germany is the most heavily taxed nation, 26 per cent of the national income going into the public treasury as compared with less than 12 per cent before the war. Great Britain comes next with 22 per cent as against 11.4 per cent twelve years ago. Then follows Japan with an increase to 21.8 per cent from 18.2 per cent, which was by far the highest pre-war rate. France stands fourth in the list of countries given, with 17.8 per cent of her national revenue absorbed by taxes as compared with 13.8 per cent before the war. The figures for the United States for these two dates are 10.5 and 6.5 per cent respectively. French taxation has increased by only 29 per cent since 1914, while British taxes have risen 93 per cent.

GERMAN newspapers are carrying page advertisements by the German Automobile Dealers' Union stating that there is one motor-car in use for every six people in the United States, for every seventy in Great Britain, for every ninety in France, and for every 316 in Germany. Germany's unsatisfactory showing is attributed to the facts that the German Government and German tax authorities regard passenger automobiles as luxuries; that domestic manufacturers cannot supply automobiles in quantities at prices within the reach of the people; and that the embargo and the unreasonable tariff of 250 marks per hundred kilogrammes upon imported automobiles 'deprives our own makers of all incentive to manufacture convenient and cheap cars.'

OUR PACIFIC MANŒUVRES



UNCLE SAM, THE PACIFIST OF THE PACIFIC
— *Nippon-oyobi-Nipponjin*, Tokyo



FIRST AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER. 'Japan 's reported utterly destroyed by an earthquake.'
SECOND DITTO. 'Then what in thunder 'll we do with our fleet?' — *Berlingske Tidende*, Copenhagen.

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THE INDIAN IN AFRICA[1]

BY OTTO VON GOTTBERG

[THE author, a former captain in the German army, is a world traveler and a prolific writer of novels and travel books.]

WHEN the English colonists of Natal sought to introduce the cultivation of tea, cotton, and sugar cane, for which their mild climate and fruitful soil are so well adapted, they knew scarcely more about these industries than did the natives. So the London authorities sent Indians to work on the white plantations. In the wake of these coolies came traders from Bombay, who at first confined themselves to supplying the modest needs of their fellow countrymen, but even before the World War had invaded the field of general retail trade, not only in Natal itself, but also in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. These traders brought no families with them. They drank only water, slept on the floor under their counters, and lived on a pound of rice a day. Naturally, therefore, they could sell goods cheaper than their white competitors, and rapidly accumulated money. To-day they import European manufactures and Asiatic goods; they are rapidly absorbing all the trade in domestic produce; and they are selling to the white man as well as to the colored man. They have funds invested in the banks and other large enterprises of the whites, and their capital finances one of the finest European department stores in Durban.

When the Indian immigrant in Africa succeeds in business, he does not, like his brother at home, remain contented to squat on his heels and wear a bright-cotton jacket. But neither does he install himself behind a broad-topped mahogany desk in a sumptuous office, like an American or European, or spend his time in empty talk at directors' meetings. He is to be found in a European suit with a fez on his head, busy from dawn till sunset in a dusky corner of his store. A steel pen, a bottle of ink, and a little pine table constitute his office. From this post of command he directs his underpaid assistants, who are of his own race and serve him tirelessly for beggarly remuneration. He no longer sleeps under the counter, but lives with his family in a modest cottage. Both his hereditary thrift and the color bar prevent his living lavishly. The very laws that exclude Asiatics from the best hotels, restaurants, and amusement places increase their efficiency as competitors. The Indian knows nothing of sports and week-end excursions. He spends his Sunday morning working, because he has no temptation to do otherwise. In the afternoon he may perhaps pack into his second-hand Ford his numerous family and friends and make a little trip into the country. Every such party includes three or four women wearing bright-colored garments, gold earrings, nose ornaments, necklaces, and armbands, and innumerable little children.

As soon as an Indian can do so, he imports a wife from home — for the law prohibiting the immigration of

[1] From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin Stinnes-Estate daily), *May* 17, 19

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Asiatics does not exclude the members of the families of those already residing in the country. The birth-rate among them is much higher than among the whites. Furthermore, the Indians already in the country constantly scheme to get their relatives to join them, while your typical Britisher is apt to return to England as soon as he has 'made his pile.' No wonder, then, that the Indian population grows rapidly, while the white population stands still. Already Indians outnumber Europeans in Natal by four to one, and by more than that in the colonies to the northward.

A glance from a car window shows the traveler how rapidly the Indian is monopolizing all lines of business in Natal. From Durban to the Transvaal border the wooden houses of the Asiatics, often surmounted by the second broad sun-roof of their native land, dot the hilly landscape. They stand under groups of green palm-trees by the red banks of swift blue rivers, or half hidden by clusters of banana plants, or nestled in tea and cotton plantations, or shaded by pepper trees with their fiery-red berries, or embowered in the rustling sugar cane. They outnumber many times the galvanized iron roofs of the white farmhouses, and are more conspicuous than the mud huts of the Negroes. The white walls of round-domed Indian temples or the needlelike minarets of their mosques have become a characteristic feature of the countryside. The sign on the general store at the railway station usually bears an Indian name.

Indian merchants recognize no color distinctions, and serve blacks and whites alike, but in Natal they do not give credit. Now your typical South African lives on credit. One in six of the million and a half Europeans in the Union is said to run his own automobile; but in many cases the dealer has to take back the machine before the last payment is made. Everybody buys 'on tick,' from the clerk who has a cheap necktie 'put on his bill' to the man whose account runs into thousands. A housewife expects her marketman to give her credit for meat, vegetables, and fruit. But the Indian will have none of this; and he figures so closely that his prices are often no more than half those demanded by a white merchant. So Englishwomen and Boer women send their Negroes to market in the shops of the despised Asiatic.

While I was in Johannesburg, Boy Scouts stood in front of every Indian store, thrusting printed cards into the hands of those passing by. These contained a protest by the white merchants of the city: 'Because you buy from the Indians we have to starve and run into debt, for our tills are empty and our wares moulder on the shelves.' The Indians could get no assistance from the police, and if they ventured to drive the white boys from their doors by force they were likely to provoke quick retaliation from the mob. So they fought the boycott by circulating posters announcing heavy reductions in their prices. They thus managed to keep their customers, because the average European would rather put a shilling in his pocket than lay it on the altar of race solidarity. But as good form forbids white women from entering an Indian store, black boys must do the buying for them — although some white women of the humbler class defy this unwritten law.

Indians also accumulate capital rapidly as farmers. In the South African Union the larger plantations and estates are still owned by Europeans, but in Natal the Indians have long since driven the whites out of truck-gardening and fruit-raising. No European farmer can sell his pineapples for a shilling apiece when an Indian charges

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only ninepence. All the bananas eaten in Durban are grown by Indians. Their women and children tend the plants, gather the fruit, and bring it to market, while the husband runs a shop, or earns wages and his keep as a waiter, cook, or porter for some hotel. The heavier, dirtier tasks are done by Negroes. At one hotel where I stopped Indians were practically in charge of the establishment. The English proprietor and his wife, who were the only white people there except the guests, never gave an order or answered a question without consulting one of their thirty or forty Indian underlings.

In Natal and the Cape Colony, where the British outnumber the Boers, limited suffrage has been given to Asiatics and Negroes. This was done when Cecil Rhodes was Premier. Seeing his Party dwindling during a hot campaign, he granted the right to vote to colored residents possessing a certain amount of property or a certain standard of education, in order to have their support at the polls. It is so arranged that the colored voters can never elect a majority of the representatives. Nevertheless the Indians of the Cape Colony have sent one of their people to the Union Parliament; and they form a minority in every city council. In Durban this Indian minority was strong enough to exert considerable influence by making political deals with the white councilors. But a few months ago the law was amended to deprive of their electoral rights all Asiatics who had not exercised the privilege of citizenship before July 31, 1924. This disenfranchises the younger generation, and paves the way for laws limiting also their economic freedom. The Indians know what is in prospect — that the time will soon come when they will be refused licenses to engage in trade and become ineligible to hold real estate.

In Portuguese East Africa I found Indians owning nearly all the business property in Lourenco Marques, and a large amount at other places. They have practically driven out the English, who used to monopolize the trade of this colony. As there are no laws discriminating against them here, they scour the country as peddlers, itinerant merchants, and shopkeepers, buying up on the spot the produce of the Negroes in return for merchandise imported by their own countrymen on the coast. They have even got into their hands that stand-by of English colonial trade, the cotton cloth business. Indian spindles and looms supply these essential fabrics to the Negroes at prices that English, Dutch, and German manufacturers cannot meet.

Not long ago, the English firms in Nyasaland, resenting this invasion of their ancient trade-preserves, suddenly shortened the credits they gave Indian traders from one hundred and twenty days to sixty days. In this part of Africa the latter are accustomed to grant the Negroes from whom they purchase produce and to whom they sell goods liberal time for settling their balances. So the British expected this measure to benefit the small white merchants at the expense of their Indian competitors. But instead of that the Indians promptly withdrew their accounts from European banks and issued a joint circular extending the usual period to their native customers by thirty days.

While the Indians enjoy more economic freedom in the British East African colonies than in the South African Union, they are as much social pariahs in one place as the other. But they do not mind this so long as their economic rights are unrestricted. They are rapidly invading the Crown Colony of Rhodesia, where the British residents vainly try to keep them from buying

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and occupying houses in the best streets of Bulawayo. But since the Indians are British subjects, they enjoy the same rights under the Crown as any white man, and nothing can be done to keep them out.

When the English auctioned off German private property in former German East Africa, much of it was bidden in by Indians, to the dismay of the white settlers. As early as 1923 Dares Salaam had 2500 Indian and only 550 white residents. The former are in possession of workshops built by German mechanics, of stores occupied by German merchants, and of plantations developed and operated by German managers.

Kenya Colony, where the Indians outnumber the whites by four to one, has protested most violently of all the British dependencies against their presence; and the problem they present is written large upon the capital, Nairobi. This city, which lies close to the equator, was imprudently laid out at a comparatively low altitude, instead of on the cool plateau. It was designed to be a conventional British colonial town, with a race course, tennis and cricket grounds, and all the other comforts and luxuries demanded by a ruling caste. But the Indians appeared almost overnight and laid their hands upon the place, built their bazaars and markets in the business centre, and speedily monopolized the trade. The Englishman was not permitted to sit comfortably in his godown, while Negroes did his work; for the Indian was there before him. This tireless competitor was out among the natives at dawn, hunting up customers, buying cattle, fruit, and other country produce, and skimming the cream from the profits.

But your bulldog Englishman does not surrender without a struggle. In 1923 the question arose whether Indians, being British subjects, should not enjoy the same voting-rights as white men. The Colonial Office at London was of the opinion that they should. Instantly English colonists were up in arms. Their newspaper at Nairobi asked the Government in London 'whether the Empire wishes to see a repetition of the revolt of the thirteen North American Colonies in 1776?' The worried home authorities finally compromised by arranging that there should be eleven white men, five Indians, and one Arab in the Legislative Council.

Now the two races are wrangling over who shall be allowed to settle in the cool healthy uplands. The white colonists constantly complain of the horrible heat, but clamor for a law that will confine the Indians to the torrid lowlands, and leave the European a monopoly of the temperate plateau.

The Indians could make an easy conquest of tropical Africa were they to join with the Negroes. But the Negro despises and hates the Asiatic, as the Russian or Polish peasant hates the Jew. He calls him a usurer, a profiteer, a bloodsucker, an exploiter. Only in business will the black man and the brown man have any dealings with each other. Nor are the Indians united among themselves. They are divided into Hindus and Mohammedans and into countless sects and castes, and quarrel over these issues even in South Africa, where all are excluded alike from landownership, free migration, and immigration. Many Indians also lack the strength of character that makes men willing to sacrifice pecuniary gain for a common cause. Europeans can always find among them pliable agents who can be bought or flattered into becoming white propagandists among their fellow racials.

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WHAT THE CHINESE PEOPLE WANT[1]

AN INFORMING MANIFESTO

[KUOMINGTANG, the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen's Peoples Party, is the standard-bearer of the movement behind the present antiforeign agitation in China. The following Manifesto, issued by that Party's Central Executive Committee at Canton on May 21, has, despite certain obscurities for those unfamiliar with the history of local politics in that country, the informatory interest that all such first-hand expressions of popular sentiment possess.

The broad issue in China to-day is between conservative interests, embracing those of European investors and supported by the military tuchuns and their leader, Chang Tso-lin, and the popular Nationalist movement which is assuming an antiforeign character and is said to be coquetting with the Bolsheviki and to have the sympathy of General Feng, the Christian Commander, who is Chang Tso-lin's putative rival.]

On the thirteenth of November, 1924, when our President, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, was leaving Canton for the North, he issued a declaration in which he urged the convocation of a National Assembly and the cancellation of all unequal treaties. By the convocation of the National Assembly, the big task of the national revolution was to be entrusted to the people; by the cancellation of all unequal treaties, the Imperialist Powers would lose their economic and political stronghold in China; moreover, that action would deprive the militarists of the support upon which they rely for their existence.

The declaration proclaimed these to be the most important tasks of the national revolution. And our President aimed to call upon the people to bear the responsibility for the realization of these tasks. He also aimed at testing the sincerity of the Peking Provisional Government in its promise to coöperate with this Party. In repeated declarations our President declared that the aim of the Northern Expedition of the Canton forces was only to overthrow the Government of the Peking President, Tsao Kun, and of Wu Pei-fu, but he solemnly proclaimed that, after the fall of Tsao Kun and Wu Pei-fu, no similar militarists should succeed them. Furthermore, our President aimed not only at the overthrow of the militarists, but likewise at the overthrow of the [foreign] Imperialists, who are their masters and instigators.

After the war between the Chihli and Anfu militarists in the autumn of 1920, the new Peking President, Tuan Chi-jui, by his expressed opinion seemed to become conscious of the troubles of China, troubles caused by the conspiracy between the militarists and the Imperialists. He had the opportunity of doing the right thing for the country at the time when he assumed the office of the Chief Executive. The President of our Party was sincere in his desire to cooperate with Tuan Chi-jui to secure the independence, the unity, and the peace of the country. He went personally to the North for this purpose, and if Tuan Chi-jui had as sincerely coöperated

[1] From the *Peking Leader* (American-edited, English-language daily,) *June* 6

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with the Kuomingtang by accepting the proposal of our President to cancel the unequal treaties and to call a National Assembly, we are certain that the nation's important tasks would have been accomplished and the development of the national revolution greatly accelerated.

But the sincerity of our Party's President, Sun Yat-sen, his desire to put an end to civil war, to abolish the semi-colonial position of China, to unify and pacify the country, was not met with the same sincerity and desire on the part of the Chief Executive. On the contrary, the Provisional Government of Peking meekly and humbly accepted the demand of the Diplomatic Corps to respect the unequal treaties as a condition for the *de facto* recognition of the Peking Government, which thus sacrificed the interest of the nation to the interest of a clique. While our President insisted upon the calling of a National Assembly truly representative of the nation, the Provisional Government, in utter disregard of the wishes of the people, convoked the Reorganization Conference, consisting of its own personal appointees. When our President even went so far as to give up his proposal for the convocation of the Preliminary Conference which was to convene a National Assembly, provided that the Chief Executive would consent to include in his Reorganization Conference representatives of the people and of public organizations, the Provisional Government disregarded this magnanimous act of our President and included in the Special Committee only a few individual members of certain organizations arbitrarily selected by itself, and even these were given no vote. Such actions of the Provisional Government were flagrantly in contradiction to the aims of our President to secure popular coöperation in the interests of the people.

This Party, therefore, declared that the Provisional Government in Peking was still following in the old track of the militarist clique and was acting contrary to the interest of the nation as a whole. For its existence it relies, not upon the support of the people, but upon the support of Imperialism and militarism, and it can never coöperate with this Party in any phase of the national revolution.

It was self-evident, therefore, that the members of our Party had to be instructed not to participate in the Reorganization Conference, or to coöperate with it.

But this is not all. Our Party urged the Reorganization Conference not to perpetrate still other crimes against the nation by fabricating rules to convoke a bogus National Assembly, for it had not been authorized by the people and was given no mandate by the people to settle any of the national affairs. But the Peking Provisional Government disregarded our warning and proceeded to formulate rules for the convocation of a National Assembly, and continued to strengthen its connection with the Imperialist Powers. The Provisional Government not only repeatedly sold out the interests of the people to the Imperialists, but showed slavish loyalty to their foreign invaders by killing and wounding students on the day of our national disgrace.

This Party, therefore, must declare solemnly that coöperation between the Kuomingtang and the Provisional Government has become hopeless, and that hereafter there is no other course left to us but to continue the national revolutionary struggle with all our might. The principal tasks in this struggle, as the deathbed message of our President charges us, are to cancel all unequal treaties and to convene a National Assembly at the earliest possible date. The injunction of our Presi-

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dent charges us also with the duty to call upon the people of the country, and upon those nations of the world that consider us as their equals, to join us in the common struggle. In order to recover our rights and freedom and to liberate ourselves from the oppression of the militarists and the Imperialists, the people, especially the workers and farmers, must unite. The Kuomingtang has but one aim, and that is to fight for the interest of the people. Therefore we must unite under the national revolutionary flag and rally together to carry on the struggle to a successful end.

As to the nations which treat us on the footing of equality, we declare, as we have stated in our manifesto on the Sino-Russian Agreement, that only Soviet Russia deserves the name of an equal partner. The Soviet Republics have not only voluntarily abrogated the unequal treaties with China, but have concluded with our country treaties on a basis of equality and have helped the Chinese people in their great movement for the cancellation of unequal treaties with other countries. Soviet Russia overthrew the Imperialism of the Tsarists; moreover, it has led the oppressed peoples of the world in their common struggle against world Imperialism. From the letter of our President to the Central Executive Committee of the Union of Soviet Republics, we are sure that in the expression in his last message referring to the nations that treat us as equals he meant the Soviet Republics. This Party should, therefore, stand shoulder to shoulder with the Soviet Republics in the battle against Imperialism and for the realization of the national revolutionary movement. As to the other nations of the world, those that will treat us on the same footing of equality will certainly meet friendship on our part. For equality is the key to friendship: without equality there can be no friendship.

This Party has time and again declared before the world that the principal cause of the civil wars in China lies in those militarists who willingly serve as the tools of Imperialism and who rely upon it for their existence. The big militarists usurp political power, exploit and cheat the people, and prevent unification on any lines whatever; while the smaller militarists hold possession of provinces, or parts of provinces, in the name of the principle of Federalism. Whatever be the high-sounding names under which they parade, they only perpetuate civil war in China. The object of the Kuomingtang is to eradicate the cause of the evils in China. We have therefore resolved to unite the people to fight those militarists who usurp political power and abuse it in behalf of foreign Imperialism against the interest of the people; to fight the smaller militarists who hold the provinces in their clutches, as well as those militarists who have constantly undermined the Revolutionary Government. In a word, this Party will fight shoulder to shoulder with the people to abolish every obstacle in the way of national revolution.

Such are the tasks arising from the present political situation, and these tasks can be settled only in accordance with the farewell message of our President.

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THE RAJAH'S DANCING GIRL[1]

BY A CORRESPONDENT

In the High Court of Bombay, on May 23, judgment was pronounced upon seven of the nine accused in the Malabar Hill murder case, perhaps the most sensational crime committed in British India during the two generations since the Mutiny. Three of the men are lying under sentence of death, while four are condemned to transportation for life. As the more important of the prisoners are officers, military or otherwise, in the service of the Maharaja Holkar, Ruling Chief of the State of Indore in Central India, the affair has an imperial importance above and beyond the romance of Mumtaz Begum, the surprising lady in the case.

The men were tried at the Bombay Sessions, before Mr. Justice Crump of the High Court and a jury. When the proceedings began, on April 27, nearly all the circumstances were already known to the public, but that did not in any way detract from the surpassing interest of the trial. Mr. J. B. Kanga, Advocate-General of Bombay, conducted the prosecution. The accused had obtained the services of eminent counsel. The witnesses numbered in all about 140, nearly two thirds of whom were for the defense. Hence it is not to be wondered at that the hearing occupied four weeks. The excitement was not by any means maintained during the whole time; but it is worth while for us in England to note that Mumtaz Begum has been the means of introducing into India the murder trial as a social function. For the first time in the annals of Bombay women of rank were prominent in court, and the descriptive reporter had his fling. At the rare moments when Mumtaz Begum raised her veil, for the purpose of giving point to her testimony, the effect upon the audience was, we are assured, fully up to expectation. The hour was hers.

Mumtaz Begum is a Moslem girl from Amritsar, the city of clouded fame. Like her mother before her, she was brought up as a singing girl, and at a tender age was coveted by the great Mahratta prince, Holkar of Indore, who at that time was in his early twenties. The lady's story is that she paid two short visits to Indore in the innocent character of cantatrice, that after the second term she was harshly sent away by the Maharaja, but consented to return as his mistress, and held that favored position for some ten years. Her present age is given as twenty-two. The defense counsel, who put her through a grilling cross-examination, during which she did not turn a hair, was considerate enough to suggest that her years must be at least twenty-four. She denied it; and we are left with the question which Richard Feverel's stupefaction led the lady who had beguiled him to put into words on his behalf: 'When did she begin for to live?' In the case of Mumtaz Begum it was, evidently, at an age that is considered very youthful, even in the East.

Her version is that at Indore life was not unenjoyable for two or three years. She lived at first in a bungalow

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *June* 6

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with her relatives, and afterward in Holkar's old palace. In course of time, however, she began to chafe under the restraints, and would gladly have escaped; but in 1921 the Maharaja brought her to England, with the senior Maharani (a Mahratta prince, of course, need make no concession to the prejudice of a monogamous Imperial Court), as his legitimate consort. After her return to India she gave birth to an infant, which, as she avers, was killed by the nurse. Indore, thereafter, she says, was intolerable to her. She petitioned the Commissioner of Police in Bombay for the protection of the British Government; and she did, it appears, enjoy police protection, in rather singular fashion, after her escape from the gilded cage. The Maharaja, obviously anxious not to lose his favorite, dispatched her in charge of a trusted officer to Mussourie in the hills. At Delhi she left the train, and contrived to make her way to Amritsar, her native city. While there, her mother and stepfather seem to have played a curious game with agents of the Maharaja and others.

She did not, however, return to Indore, but, after various adventures, passed to the care of Abdul Qadir Bawla, a prominent Mohammedan citizen of Bombay, one of her maternal uncles having, it would seem, played the part of accommodating broker. With Bawla, she informed the court, life was much more enjoyable than it had been with the Maharaja. The pair went on a series of motor trips. They returned to Bombay on January 10, and two days later Bawla was murdered in an encounter with a party from Indore, organized for the abduction of Mumtaz Begum.

Bawla's car was overtaken by a new Maxwell, and he was ordered to hand over the lady. There ensued a furious struggle. Mumtaz Begum was dragged out of Bawla's car and into the Maxwell, and was struck on the head and face with a knife, while the rest of the party were grappling with her companion. At the exactly right moment another car came up. It carried Colonel Vickers and three British subalterns, one of whom, a young Scotsman, named J. M. Saegert, dashed into the fray, armed only with a golf club, and played the chief part in a rescue for the 'shooting' of which Hollywood would joyously have paid a million dollars. Mumtaz Begum was saved and taken to hospital. Her deliverer likewise was in need of surgical treatment. Bawla was handed over to the police, mortally wounded. He died in hospital, after making a statement which Mumtaz Begum, standing by, said she could not understand because it was in English. Her own tongue is Urdu, of which, in the witness box, she appears to have made cool and masterly use.

The assailants were rounded up in Indore, and, as we have seen, were placed on trial in Bombay to the number of nine, six Mohammedans and three Hindus. They are all bright young people, one only being over thirty. The evidence disclosed an extraordinary drama, the career of Mumtaz Begum having a fitting accompaniment in the dubious conduct of her relatives, the Indore intrigues, the abduction conspiracy centring around certain houses in Bombay belonging to the Indore State, the appeals to the British authorities, the counter-charges of jewelry theft against Mumtaz Begum, the alleged unalterable desire of the Maharaja. To such a drama there could, at the Bombay Sessions, be only one conclusion.

Now, therefore, British justice has stepped in and, apparently, is to take its course; and in the meantime the English press in India is asking whether

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the Viceroy's Government is to be content with the Bombay trial and the sentences upon the seven. The official standing of the prisoners is, of course, the essential matter. Shafi Ahmad, the first of them, is Risaldar of the Indore Mounted Police. One of his two associates under sentence of death is captain of the Indore Air Force; the third is an officer of the Maharaja's household. Anand Rao Phanse, who had the distinction of being defended by Mr. M. A. Jinnah, the leading political Moslem in Bombay, and is the chief of the four who are under sentence of transportation for life, holds the position of Adjutant-General of the Indore State Forces. All alike in the trial were referred to as 'hirelings'; and inevitably the whole of articulate India is asking, 'hirelings of whom?'

For half a century and more it has been a commonplace among writers on India that the British Raj has wiped out all those chances of romantic adventure which, in happier days, were open to Mahratta or Rajput chieftains. And so, indeed, it seemed; but Holkar and Mumtaz Begum together have been able to demonstrate that the chances have not been entirely eliminated even from that India of peace and security wherein every year the cases of homicide make a meagre showing beside those of, say, the single city of Chicago.

There is no need to underline the fact that the Malabar Hill murder is a most awkward affair for the Government of India. If the Indian State involved were a minor unit of the Central India or Rajputana group there would be no particular cause for anxiety. But Indore has been a powerful feudatory of the Raj since the break-up of the Mahratta power a century ago. Holkar's State has an area of 9500 square miles, — that is, somewhat larger than Wales, — with a population approaching a million and a quarter. The present Maharaja, who enjoys the salute of guns appropriate to a first-class Ruling Chief, is a man of thirty-five, well known in London, for he has visited England three times. At the close of the war the dignity of G.C.I.E. was conferred upon him. There are not many Ruling Chiefs who stand ahead of him in rank. It would seem to be particularly difficult for him to help the Government of India out of this present difficulty, for here are seven of his trusty men under sentences of life and death for the crimes of murder and abduction in connection with a young person in whose welfare or adventures, it may be presumed, no one of them can have had an interest of a personal kind.

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AWAKENING AFGHANISTAN[1]

BY MAURICE PERNOT

[AFGHANISTAN, like Turkey, Persia, and China, is ambitious to follow the example of Japan, modernize its institutions, and vindicate its right to control unhampered its own national destiny.]

LEAVING Peshawar, where night had brought no relief from the oppressive heat, at the first flush of dawn, we reached the foot of the mountains within an hour. An excellent road paralleled a railway under construction, which is destined to reach the frontier in a few months. Our first stop was at Fort Jamrud, which defends Khyber Pass, where we showed our passports and listened to an incomprehensible discussion between our drivers and the officials. These little ceremonies were repeated constantly all along the route.

As this was one of the two days in the week when caravans are authorized to cross the Pass, endless processions of camels, horses, and mules were patiently waiting the hour to resume their journey. The drivers seemed in no more hurry than their animals. Pressing ahead, we proceeded up a steep grade, rising by short, abrupt, winding ascents, following fairly close to the caravan trail and sometimes crossing it. The stream-beds were dry, for it has not rained in the mountains this year. Snowy peaks began to appear in the distance, outlined against a perfectly blue sky, although the lowlands behind us were enveloped in clouds and mist.

Soon we were in the Pass. The scenery is certainly not devoid of grandeur, and it is fairly steeped in thrilling history. Alexander the Great, Tamerlane, Baber, — the conquerors, founders, or destroyers of empires,— led their armies through this narrow gorge, which is the only practicable channel of communication between Central Asia and the Valley of the Indus. Nevertheless, the total effect was disappointing. How different from the passage from the Taurus to the Cilician Gates. My eyes instinctively sought the faces of the cliffs for some worthy record of the armies and the nations that had made this Pass their highway to new conquests and new homes. But the only inscriptions were a few recent names and dates enclosed in a wreath of laurel — those of the Anglo-Indian corps that distinguished themselves in the last campaign against Afghanistan. On the other side of the route were long cemeteries bearing mute witness to the heavy sacrifice that this mountain warfare cost.

At Landi-Kotal, the highest point in the Pass and the last English post, there were more formalities. Then we began to descend. About two miles beyond Landi-Kotal was the frontier. Two Afghan soldiers stopped us and indicated by shouts and gestures that we were to report to a neighboring post. After a momentary halt there we proceeded for our real examination to the little village of Dacca, a short distance beyond, where the Customs-house of the Ameer is situated.

[1] From *Journal des Débats* (Paris Conservative daily), *June* 3, 10

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Here I was courteously received by a young Afghan colonel, who interrupted a violent struggle with the telephone to welcome me. Unhappily the Colonel spoke only Persian, which I did not understand. A messenger was sent to bring the village savant, who, confident in his ability to save the situation, came up to me and said: 'Your Exellency of course speaks Urdu.' Most unfortunately, my inability to do so did not prevent our conversation lasting two long hours — and the customs formalities even longer.

At last we found ourselves on the way to Jalalabad. On our left were the snowy peaks of the Safed Koh range, which we had just crossed. Ahead of us and on our right stretched barren country covered with boulders and gravel. Certainly it was not an attractive approach to this strange land. The road was frightful, and cut by the gullies of half-dry mountain torrents, which we forded, since the bridges were either down or unsafe. At rare intervals a clump of verdure marked the site of a spring or well, but the highway never approached these points. A few walled villages of mud huts surrounded by a narrow girdle of starved-looking fields were the only signs of human occupation until we reached the vicinity of Jalalabad. There the trees became more numerous, though all were bent toward the south by the constant north wind. Great fields of poppy flowers of many colors broke the gray monotony of the plain, and in the distance we caught a glimpse of wooded mountains.

After leaving Jalalabad the road improved and the country was better cultivated. Village followed village at short intervals, and great herds of cattle blocked the highway. We proposed to spend the night at Nimla, and I asked myself what kind of accommodations we were likely to find there. At length our motor-car entered a long cypress avenue skirting a high stone wall, passed through a massive gateway, and turned into a magnificent park. It was Nimla.

Here the present ameer has converted an imperial palace erected three centuries or more ago into a delightful stopping-place for travelers. The gardens consist of three terraces divided at right angles by six cypress avenues. Water descends from the upper terrace in cascades and gentler descents to the lower part of the garden. Halfway down the stream enlarges into a little lake, flanked by two great beds of multicolored poppies — a far more simple and restful arrangement than that of the Tivoli gardens.

Although the sun had already disappeared behind the mountains, the birds continued their concert. A silvery-blue sky of an indescribable remoteness and purity arched above the pale snowy peaks of the neighboring ranges in perfect harmony with the black mass of the trees. A light, chill wind bore to our nostrils the perfume of orange blossoms. An attendant invited me to enter a pavilion, where a large petroleum lamp had been lighted and placed in the middle of the floor. Tea was served. I discovered in a window seat a little conical bouquet of roses, which was hung from the roof of my automobile the following day to refresh me with the memory of the sweet perfumes and the silent, shaded avenues of Nimla.

I took a walk yesterday as far as Dar-ul-Aman, the name of the new city founded by Ameer Amanullah, which is designed to replace Kabul as the capital of Afghanistan. It is not every day that one has a chance to see a new city rising from the ground at the bidding of a single man. And when that city springs up in the middle of Asia, with the Hindu Kush Mountains as a back-

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ground, the experience is still more unique.

A broad avenue planted on either hand with trees runs straight as a ruler across an uninterrupted plain for some six miles, connecting the present capital with its still embryonic rival. At its end rises a hill the summit of which has been graded down to form the site of the new Government House, whose granite foundations already outline its future form. Around the hill are great flower-beds, ingeniously irrigated by numerous rivulets. From this point, which marks the centre of the future city, six radiating avenues have been laid out at equal distances apart. A second hill directly behind the excavation for the future Government House has been graded off as the site of the Royal Palace.

The architect, who is M. Godard, a Frenchman, has apparently borrowed his general plan from certain ancient cities and from Haussmann's reconstruction of Paris. At the present moment the impression of antiquity predominates, since nothing more resembles ruins than foundations. The majestic and rather wild scenic background, the grading-down of these hills to terraced platforms, the whole *mise ensemble*, has an archæological effect. I thought of the great conquerors, the great builders, who after enslaving innumerable people set them to work erecting their capitals and palaces. The silent valleys seemed to become alive. I almost fancied I might see long processions of chariots toiling hither from all directions laden with stones and timber from the mountains. When my eye fell upon the flower-beds, the young plantations of shade trees, and the steam rollers, the illusion vanished. But the reality that remained was even more grandiose.

Ameer Amanullah is a man of vast plans and projects, which he wants to realize all at once. Some criticize him for wishing to do too much in too short a time. He is driving his people toward progress with the same impetuous energy that he shows in building his new capital — and naturally meets resistance in the attempt. None the less, the young sovereign has wrought wonders in six years. He has won the independence of his country by a successful war. He has established diplomatic relations and signed treaties of friendship with Turkey, Russia, Persia, France, Belgium, and Italy. His envoys are scouring Europe for teachers, architects, and engineers. He is building roads, opening schools, reformiing the administration, the courts, and public finance. No detail escapes him. If a newly erected building looks ugly to him, he has it torn down overnight by his laborers and policemen. He ordered offhand that all the high mud walls hiding the beautiful private gardens of the capital be razed to the ground, that their beauty might be shared by the public.

Unhappily all the reforms of the Ameer are not so popular with the masses. Tradition resists; prejudice revolts. The Girga — a sort of modified parliament — that met at Kabul in July of last year disapproved several of the sovereign's projects as contrary to the customs of Afghanistan and the precepts of the Koran. His decree giving women the right to choose their own husbands raised a formidable revolt among the southern tribes, whom it cost the Ameer's troops a bitter and bloody struggle to reduce to obedience again. The opposition of the mullahs forced the Government to close the schools for girls that it had established. But the sovereign would not be baulked. He referred the question in dispute to the imams of Anatolia, the professors of El-Azhar, the Mussulman scholars of India, and strengthened by

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their opinion that the Koran made it the duty of the faithful to educate their daughters as well as their sons, he reopened the girls' schools in Kabul last April.

So Ameer Amanullah has had to fight obstinate resistance and to crush or circumvent formidable obstacles in order to carry out his reforms. They call for courage, perseverance, time, and money. The young man has abundant courage; his youth lets him hope that he will have abundant time; but money is another affair. Afghan finances are in excellent condition, for the Government has no foreign or domestic debt. But the land is not rich; or, better said, its natural resources are undeveloped and cannot be developed overnight. Foreigners are ready, of course, to rush in and exploit any promising source of wealth the country possesses. They are here with schemes to build highways and railways, to develop water powers, to open iron and coal mines. But Afghanistan is too proud of her recently recovered independence to grant economic favors freely to strangers. The experience of other Eastern countries has made her suspicious. The Germans, who are the only people who have been willing to accept the hard conditions that the authorities have imposed, have founded the German-Afghan Commercial Company. But the only actual concession that the State has so far granted is to an Italian, who has been given a monopoly in the trade in sheepskins, which he has developed in a way very profitable both for himself and for the Afghan revenues.

A PORCELAIN GARDEN[1]

THE CLOISTER-GARTH OF LIMA'S FRANCISCAN MONASTERY

BY F. P. FARRAR

THE trumpets blew silence for the Public Crier.

'Be it known that the Warrantable and Royal Audiencia of this City of the Kings has condemned to suffer a shameful death on the gallows Alonso Godínez, native of Guadalajara in Spain, for the murder of Marta Villoslada without fear of judgment human or divine. Let him who did so pay the penalty! This sentence is to be read in the presence of all lest they meet a like end! Let justice be done!'

It was eleven o'clock of a November morning in the Year of Our Lord 1619. A vast crowd had gathered in the Plaza Mayor and faced with vampire anticipation the scaffold erected at the entrance of the Callejon de Petateros. The executioner was busy with his grim preparations. The murderer, a man of thirty, had taken his stand under the gallows-tree and, having made his peace with God, faced his fate with stolid resignation.

Suddenly the crowd began to sway. A monk was seen forcing his way through the crush. He reached the

[1] From the *West Coast Leader* (Lima English-language weekly), *May* 26

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scaffold-foot, mounted the steps, and handed a parchment to the captain of the guard. There was a moment's animated conversation, inaudible save to those in the immediate vicinity. Then, taking the condemned man by the arm, the monk led him away in the direction of the Monastery of San Francisco, followed by an intrigued and disappointed mob. The heavy doors were clanged to, the bolts were shot home; and Alonso Godínez was never seen again in the streets of Lima. The crowd hung excitedly about the Plazuela de San Francisco, gesticulating over this strange subversal of justice. But they got nothing for their pains and loafed off to their dinners with a sense of disappointment as of beasts robbed of their prey.

Later the story became known. Early that same morning Alonso Godínez had asked for a priest and had made his last confession, as he supposed, to the Prior of San Francisco. In the course of the interview the fact was revealed that the condemned, before coming to Peru, had been a potter, and was a man skilled in the craft of porcelain-making. Now it so happened that the Monastery of San Francisco was in urgent need, had been for years, of just such a man. The worthy Prior could hardly wait to hear the end of the confession before rushing off to see the Viceroy and to implore the pardon of the murderer. Don Francisco de Borja y Aragon, Prince of Esquilache and a descendant of the Borgias, was a poet and saw a poetical justice in remitting the penalty of the scaffold on the condition that the criminal should become a lay brother of Saint Francis and should never leave the precincts of the Monastery.

The urgent necessity that saved the life of Alonso Godínez was this. The *cacica doña* Catalina Huanca had caused to be imported from Spain, at great cost, a princely gift of tiles for the decoration of the new cloisters. But, womanlike, the pious lady had forgotten one essential. She had given no instructions that a plan of the designs should accompany the tiles or that a workman should be sent to put them in place. And so for years the tiles had been piled up in a corner of the Monastery, suffering from neglect and pilfering. No one could be found in all Lima to set them up or, more difficult still, to piece them together in their intricate patterns. For the tiles numbered many thousands, and scarcely two of them were alike. There were pictures of saints — and who should know whose foot belonged to which body, or what portion of a head was that of San Luis or of San Diego?

Alonso Godínez was the man for the work; and posterity had cause to be grateful that his life was spared. In the cloister of San Francisco he led his lonely, silent life of expiation and therein found the salvation of his soul. And as he worked to the music of the fountain, with his snuff-colored lime-splashed cassock kilted to his knees, it may be that at times the thought of Marta Villoslada would send the hot red blood coursing through his veins, and the memory of the old wild life, the circling tankards of chicha or canary and the rolling dice. Perhaps at other times he dreamed of his native vineyards and of his boyhood's apprenticeship among the porcelain-workers beside the River Henares. And surely on occasion there must have surged through his brain the memory of that sunny morning when he stood under the gallows-tree facing the gloating crowd in the Plaza Mayor. We only know now that here toiled a true artist who loved his work and threw his soul into it; first sorting

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the tiles — a very crossword puzzle — and laying them out on the pavement under the walls on which they were to be placed; making others to replace those which had been stolen or broken; and then cementing all into position, until each wall blossomed with a picture mellow and rich and seductive as those of the Alhambra itself. And, as one by one the four ambulatories were ripe with the glowing harvest, the repentant lay-brother made a little set of modest tiles, and, high up in the wall so as to escape the eye, he set this inscription in rude lettering and depreciatory language: —

Nuebo oficial trabaxa
que todos gustan de veros
estar haciendo pucheros
del barro por aca.

He desired to be nameless; he had no thought of posthumous fame. But it was a strange working of fate that Alonzo Godínez should have been led, through the murder of a shameless woman, by the path of the gallows to immortalize these cloisters and himself.

Outside of Spain it is doubtful if there exists to-day a more complete and perfect example of porcelain entablature at its best period. The new ferro-concrete Lima makes a lavish use of encaustic tiles. But in the days to come, when the P. S. N. C. and Grace and Company advertise their weekly airship sailings and the city of the kings is red with the Baedekers of tourists, what excuse will be offered for the artistic decadence of the twentieth century?

In this other-world monastery, not only is almost every angle in each tile different, but every panel on the four walls of the cloister is of a varying design, so perfect that no one may say, 'This is the most beautiful.' Moreover, each panel — and there are from seven to fourteen on every wall — so sings with its neighbor that there is no sense of any break, no distraction of styles or subject as is in a picture gallery, but one harmonious pæan of praise to God.

Here is a porcelain garden, a ceramic herbaceous border of springtime where the blues of delphinium and lupine, the yellow of cytisus and the gold of colchicum, the creamy white of arabis and the mauves of aubretia, blend into the fresh foliage of the overhanging trees and the azure of the new-washed skies.

Between each arcade looking into the cloister-garth are panels, almost life-size, showing a host of Franciscan saints and martyrs — an illustrated page from the history of the Order: Saint Leon Garazuno, transfixed diagonally with two spears and crucified; San Francisco Solano, preaching to the Indians; Saint Samuel, being beheaded by an executioner whose face, from some kindly motive, is obliterated with a blank tile; and '*nuestro padre francisco*' himself, most unecclesiastically wearing a moustache. The majority of these allegorical figures are of a later date and of varying merit; yet they do not jump out of their frames but combine harmoniously with the general scheme.

In Norman monasteries the monks passed all their waking hours in the cloisters except when they were chanting the offices in the choir. There they painted those marvelous miniatures that glow to-day from the pages of old missals like wine from cut-glass decanters. In the north ambulatories the novices worked and played; and in many an English cloister may still be seen the holes worn by their tor-alleys in an ancestral game of marbles.

Possibly such was also the custom in the days of monastic Lima. To some extent these cloisters are used as an ambulatory to-day by the brown-robed, brown-faced fathers, a 'pleasant

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place to read and pray,' at the hours when the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker are not making their rounds. Otherwise they are devoid of life, an Elysium for the dreamer, for the lover of the past, and the romantic philosophizer. A little understanding with the sympathetic brother who keeps St. Peter's ward at the wicket-gate, and the freedom of the cloisters is yours, a priceless solitude and a silence broken only by fountains playing the spinet to nodding banana-leaves.

'*Pero, hijos legítimos de España, no sabemos conservar sino destruir. Hoy los famosos techos del claustro son pasto de polilla. Nuestra incuria es fatal.*' ('But true sons of Spain as we are, we do not know how to preserve, but only to destroy. To-day the famous ceilings of the cloister are the prey of moth and vermin. Our neglect is fatal.') So scolds the writer of *Tradiciones*.

The case is not so bad as that. On the contrary, the *azulejos españoles* seem to be in a good state of preservation and able to face further centuries of history. Abundant signs of another kind of *incuria* there are; but they do not offend, unless the visitor is a person of a very precise frame of mind. A sense of decay, it is true, hangs over the precincts. It is a part of their charm — the inevitable decay of time, the beauty of placid wrinkles and snow-white hair and waxen flowerlike fingers. Even the untidiness which is everywhere visible is not artistically unpleasing.

Here, for instance, in the west ambulatory, a modern printing establishment, run by the fathers themselves, is installed in what might once have been the abbot's parlor. The incidental litter — odd pamphlets and proofs and forms — has overflowed into the adjoining chapel, which on the analogy of Norman cathedrals was formerly the chapter house. The monks' stalls are strewn with a chaos of odds and ends, and dust lies thick on the carved woodwork. But through the murk gleams a faint glow of old gold and of rich wine-red purples and the bloom of ripe grapes from the carved and painted reredos.

In the upper cloister or clerestory, with the same glory of carven cedar ceilings as below, spittoons and frankly ugly garden-benches are scattered at hazard, and the alcoves resemble rag-and-bone shops. But through the arches spreads a mistlike dreamy panorama of the body of the church with its disparate wooden domes and cupolas, its arrogant western towers, its latticed windows and random roof-tops, and dusty blue-gray walls of stucco fading into the grayer sky. From a chapel rises the murmur of prayer and the tinkle of the Sanctus bell. And the gallinazos hang suspended in the sky searching for gallinazos carrion.

The casual stroller through the streets adjacent to the monastery is blissfully ignorant of the world of conflicting emotions that lies hidden by the trespassing houses and the shabby walls. But behind the uncompromising exterior lies a walled city, a fortress of mediæval traditions and of a living past, an abstraction in the midst of a very unromantic world. And it is quite in the picture that the dreamy-eyed novice who wanders at your side is wholly ignorant of the history as of the beauty of his surroundings. '*Muy hermoso*' is the best that you will get out of him.

But no guide is really needed, except to keep the visitor's feet from straying into forbidden regions. There is no need to worry the head about dates and styles of architecture and historic monuments such as so often make sight-seeing a burden for a conscientious tourist. For this, by the mercy of Allah, is no tourist resort. It is a

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little backwater off an eddying whirlpool, and therein lies its charm.

The freedom of this Dream City is yours at the cost of a little courtesy; and you may roam, almost at will, in and out of the unoccupied cells which ramble in ranges through the haphazard courts where nothing is in its place and nothing out of place. In this vaultlike corridor, without rhyme or reason except its remoteness from any other inhabited part of the monastery, is the postulants' refectory and dormitory and classroom in one, where they follow a vague course of instruction except when otherwise and more vaguely employed. At the foot of that derelict altar lies a discarded boot; over yonder, century-old wooden images stretch thin and appealing arms through a barred window; the cell in which San Francisco Solano died suffers a crude metamorphosis as a shrine; and elsewhere a mortuary chapel is filled with worm-eaten biers and broken garden-tools. It is all so innocently and incongruously unkempt, with breath-arresting vistas of beauty springing from the most neglected corners.

And not one murmur of the outside world, so near and so far off, creeps through to destroy a charming illusion, the phantom of the Unreally Real.

As the visitor turns to face again the hard fact of the Really Real, he passes under a fretted lacelike dome of carved cedar which hangs suspended as it were in mid-air like the dome of Michelangelo. And a quaint story recurs, so in keeping with all this other-worldliness that it must be true — that all this wealth of woodwork was bought at the price of a cup of chocolate.

When the Monastery of St. Francis was in course of erection, the contract for the timber of the roofs and domes was given by the brethren to a Spanish merchant named Jiménez Menacho. In due course the merchant, after the manner of merchants, submitted his bill. He received nothing more tangible than checks drawn upon the Bank of Promise. The years slipped by and the merchant began to grow old and infirm. In 1638 he was honored with an invitation to the Patronal Festival. Service over, he joined the Viceroy and other distinguished guests at a collation spread in the refectory. But, his stomach being disordered, he could do no more than partake of a cup of chocolate. It had some miraculous property. The merchant approached the Prior and said: —

'Never have I drunk a more delicious beverage, and I am most grateful to Your Reverence.'

'May it be for the good of your soul and body,' graciously replied the Prior.

'As for my soul I know not,' was the merchant's answer; 'but I feel my body already strengthened, and I would do something in return.'

So saying, he drew from his sleeve the receipted bills for all the monies owing to him.

But probably he had long since lost all hope of being paid.

If you doubt the story of the cup of chocolate, at least you may know that it was Don Jiménez who presented the Monastery with a set of tiles not less beautiful than those of Doña Catalina. They flower in the porter's lodge; and in letters, perhaps of Alonso Godínez's workmanship, you may read this inscription: *Menez menacho dió estos azulexos; vuestras reverencias lo encomienden a dios, año de 1643.* ('Menez Menacho gave these blue tiles. May Your Reverences recommend him to God. In the year 1643.')

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A BLACK MAN'S 'PILGRIM'S PROGRESS'[1]

BY A. WERNER

[A FEW years ago a Negro novelist, René Maran, startled the French literary world by winning the Goncourt Prize with his novel, *Batouala*. The Negro author here described wrote in his native tongue and evidently with a very different theme and purpose from his French-speaking fellow racial.]

THE possibilities of a native vernacular literature will be obvious to everyone who has gained some insight into the rich resources of the Bantu languages. The beginnings of such a literature must always be more or less exotic, the translations executed by missionaries — or by natives under their direction — involving the use of borrowed words, or words coined for the occasion, to express ideas previously unknown. The work thus done is sometimes compared with that of Alfred in Saxon England, but there is this important difference, that Alfred was writing in his own language for his own people.

There is another way, and perhaps an even more important task, of promoting the growth of a native literature, — though one which most of the early missionaries would certainly have discouraged and probably condemned, — namely, the collection and recording of traditional matter, tribal history, folk songs, even the 'trivial and ridiculous fictions' which our forefathers thought beneath their notice.

While this heritage of their past is being gathered and preserved, a generation of natives is growing up with a training which will enable them to use it and hand it on. Whatever defects may be found in educational methods, the ability to read and write his own language is always an asset to the African, and there are many to whom it is not so much a means of social advancement as a key to open the door of knowledge. There is something of the spirit of Alfred's England, or of early Renaissance enthusiasm, in many a simple native schoolmaster who, like Bede, loves nothing so much as 'to read, to write, and to teach.'

Some of these men have begun turning to new uses the wonderful instrument they possess in their own mother speech, doing their part also in moulding and enriching it for future generations. The neologisms inevitably introduced have, many of them, come to stay; their introduction is no more to be deplored than that of the Latin element in English. Their use by native writers will determine which of them are able to take root, and will gradually sift out the useless and unworthy.

The existing native newspapers in South Africa — in the Xosa, Zulu, and Suto tongues — are a hopeful feature; but, apart from these, we have in increasing numbers some genuine productions of the soil. Rubusana, Bokwe, Mqayi, and others have written of the history and customs of the Xosa people, not to mention such tales and poems as those of Guma, Sinxo, and

[1] From the *International Review of Missions* (British missionary quarterly), *July*

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Ntsiko. In Zulu, to go no further, we have the recollections of the late Magema Magwaza, published at Pietermaritzburg in 1923, under the title of *Abantu Abamnyama*.

It may not be generally known that the Morija schools and printing press have fostered and given voice to a little group of native authors whose further development will be watched with the greatest interest. Perhaps the earliest in time is Azariel Sekese, who began by recording the traditional tales and fast-disappearing customs of his people. In his *Mekhoa le Maele a Basotho* he has collected, not only a number of interesting customs, but over eight hundred proverbs which are very fully explained. Then we have E. Motsamai, who in *Mehla ea Malimo*, 'The Days of the Cannibals,' has chronicled, from living tradition, various incidents of an exciting and painful phase of his people's history. Finally we reach original imaginative prose with Everitt Segoete's moral tale, *Riches Are a Cloud and a Mist*, and, on a higher level, Thomas Mofolo's *Moeti oa Bochabela*, 'Traveler to the East,' and *Pitseng*.

Mofolo was at one time a teacher at Morija; but, whether or not he ever hoped to live by literature, he now appears to pursue the calling of a butcher — scarcely from choice, one would think, judging by the spirit displayed in his writings. Further personal details are not at present available. It is quite possible that *Moeti oa Bochabela* derives its ultimate inspiration from *The Pilgrim's Progress* — a work whose universal human appeal cannot be overestimated; but beyond the general idea of life as a pilgrimage in search of Truth the two have little in common. Mofolo has staged his story among his native hills and the familiar scenes of his childhood, and the coloring has a freshness and simplicity comparable to Bunyan's because, like Bunyan, he is drawing direct from nature. His pilgrim is a young man named Fekisi, a herdsman who while tending his father's cattle fell to speculating on the beauty and terror and mystery of the world.

> When he was out on the veld, and the rain was falling, it was to him a great wonder. He would look up at the sky and try to see where the rain came from. And he would ask himself: What is the rain? Whence comes it? What are the clouds? Where do they come from? What is it which thunders? How is it that the lightning comes forth out of all that water?

The rain fell and made the grass grow and refreshed the cattle — yet the lightning sometimes burned huts and killed people. It was all very perplexing. Who was responsible for it all? He questioned the old men. Sometimes they spoke of *Molimo*, Heaven, who made all things, and of *Ntswana-tsatsi*, the Sunrise Land, whence the Basuto came in the old days; but none knew where it was. Some told him the old legend of the monster *Kholumolumo*, who laid waste the whole countryside, devouring men and flocks and herds, and of the boy hero who slew the monster and delivered his people. But none could tell him what he really wanted to know. He felt that the Basuto needed a deliverer as much as ever — not from any monster, but from their own passions and vices. When he looked around him at the life of his fellow tribesmen, his heart was weighed down within him. Many were given over to drunkenness and lost their lives in senseless quarrels, or were attacked by wild beasts while lying unconscious on the hillside. There were tyrannical chiefs who oppressed the people; the elder herd-boys, far from home on the hills, bullied the

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helpless younger ones; everywhere he saw cruelty and wickedness.

This picture of tribal life strikes one as unduly black, but perhaps the shadows have been deepened, half or quite consciously for artistic reasons. Moreover, one finds that native converts, flushed with the joy of enlightenment and progress, are apt to exaggerate the evils of their former state and overlook its better features; they want, like most young and enthusiastic reformers, to scrap the past wholesale. It takes time to learn that you cannot do this, and ought not if you could. Another point to remember is that part, at least, of that 'darkness of the past' so graphically described in Mofolo's first chapter — the state of insecurity when no man, lying down at night in his hut, knew whether he would ever see the morning — belongs to the time which the Basuto call the *Difakane*, the unsettled period of migrations and wars at the beginning of the nineteenth century, which issued in the formation of the Suto and Zulu kingdoms. One sometimes finds European writers asserting or implying that this state of things was normal and chronic in every part of 'savage' Africa before the advent of the white man.

Not that Mofolo represents even the heathen Basuto as only evil continually. Apart from Fekisi there are his parents, very decent people of whom we should like to hear more. Fekisi himself is very pleasingly described — the writer dwells minutely, among other things, on his love and care for his cattle. When he drove them out, in the spring, to feed on the new grass, they were so fat and sleek that it seemed as if they were coming back from the summer pastures, not going out; 'he let down the bars of the fold gently, calling all the beasts softly by their names, whispering to them, for they all knew him and obeyed him.' Fekisi is own brother to Bata, in the old Egyptian tales: —

> As he walked behind his cattle, they said to him, 'Good is the herbage which is in that place'; and he listened to all that they said, and he took them to the good place which they desired. And the cattle which were before him became exceeding excellent, and they multiplied greatly.

Professor Flinders Petrie says of this tale: —

> The description of Bata is one of the most beautiful character-drawings in the past. . . . And those who know Egypt will known that Bata still lives there. . . . Bata I have met in many places, Bata I have loved as one of the flowers of human nature.

I should have liked to substitute for 'Egypt' the words 'any part of Africa,' for I too have known Bata — or some kinsfolk of his — in Natal, in Nyasaland, and on the Tana River.

The crisis of Fekisi's unhappiness came when, after the prolonged revelry which followed the circumcision festival, *mokete*, of the chief's son, a man named Phakoane killed his wife in a fit of drunken passion. The wretched man when he came to his senses threw himself on the ground, crying and lamenting, bitterly accusing himself, till at last he died, broken-hearted. Those who were present, terrified at his ravings, thrust his body hastily underground and fled. Fekisi, tossing sleepless in the night after witnessing this dishonorable burial, seemed to hear Phakoane's voice crying to him, 'Seek Molimo till thou find Him, and when thou hast found Him, never forsake Him again.' Then he fell asleep and had a dream which would not let him rest, so he resolved to go forth and seek the land of Ntswana-tsatsi.

He set out by night, taking with him the native's simple equipment for a journey, his knife, his knobbed stick,

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the two pieces of wood for kindling fire and two pieces of hide to make sandals when he should need them on the road — the African seldom does unless the rocky or sandy ground is too hot to walk on. Unlike Christian, he informed no one what he was about to do. 'His heart said to him, he should tell his relatives of his purpose, but he feared they would prevent him, saying he was mad.' And no doubt a young Mosuto, *in patria potestate*, could have been more effectually prevented than the English householder. He went only into the cattlefold to take a last look at his beloved beasts, and 'praised' them in an eloquent song. He stole silently, with aching heart, through the village; more than once he stood still, thinking of his parents, his brothers, sisters, and friends; but he never looked back.

He was missed when the time came to let out the cattle, especially when it appeared that the cows would suffer no one else to milk them. When the sun set and he did not return there was great grief in the village, and many passed a sleepless night. We do not hear of any search being made for him, which may seem strange, but there appears to have been a strong suspicion that he had been made away with by some of the more desperate characters who had taken part in the disorders associated with the mokete. He was known to have protested, and even to have been forcibly withheld from interfering in one case. It would seem as if all decent people had been terrorized at such times. His father and mother, as the days went on, gradually gave up hope and mourned him as one dead.

In course of time Fekisi reached the Batlokwa country. Here he came upon a man being attacked by some others and ran to his assistance. The rescued man, full of gratitude, fell to questioning Fekisi and was thoroughly perplexed by his answers — he had not the slightest notion what Ntswana-tsatsi was. The dialogue is quite in the spirit of Bunyan: —

'You say you come from the Lesuto, that you were driven away by the increase of wickedness there?'

'Yes.'

'You say you are going to Ntswana-tsatsi?'

'Yes.'

'Where is Ntswana-tsatsi?'

'I do not know. I only know that it is in the East.'

'What is there in that place, that you should make such efforts to get there?'

'It is righteousness, for the sake of which I seek it. It is where God lives, whom I am seeking.'

'When will you return from thence?'

'I shall never return.'

'Do you really mean that you will never see your father and mother, or your brothers, again on earth?'

'Yes.'

'Do you tell me that you are giving up all the good things of your country and the girls at home, for good and all?'

'Yes. I have nothing to do with girls. They are often the cause of wickedness. Fights take place on account of these girls, and murders are committed for their sake.'

'There I agree with you. Do you know why those men wanted to kill me?'

'No, I do not.'

The stranger relates that he has been attacked on account of the intrigues he was carrying on with two married women. Fekisi tries to remonstrate with him, but the conversation is cut short by an agonized cry for help. The stranger runs away, but Fekisi, hastening in the direction of the sound, finds a dead man, still warm, lying in the path. Seeing that

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nothing can be done for him, he heaps some earth on the body and goes on his way, saddened afresh by these proofs of human wickedness.

Fekisi went on through the desert. He nearly perished of thirst and had narrow escapes from lions, crocodiles, and serpents; but still he pressed on. His prayers, when in distress, are given at length and are of a touching simplicity. At last he reached the sea-shore, wearied, starving, and sick with fever, and was found there by three men, who proved to be elephant-hunters from *Bochabela*, the East. We need not inquire too closely into their nationality; they had come by ship and were Christians. They carried Fekisi on board and tended him kindly. When he recovered he soon learned enough of their language to communicate with them. When he heard that they came from Bochabela he asked whether that was not the country where there is no evil, where righteousness dwells, and where God has made His abode. They had to disappoint him.

'There is no such land among all the lands on earth. Neither does God dwell on earth; He lives on high in the heavens, above the clouds, the sun, and the stars. We pray to God, we being on earth, and He hears us. We walk in His laws and His commandments.'

During the voyage they instructed him in all that he desired to know, and even taught him to read. At last the voyage came to an end, and the vessel anchored off the shore of a beautiful country which, the men told Fekisi, was their home, Bochabela. Immediately on landing they conducted him to the house of a teacher, where he was very kindly received. Not only was the country beautiful, but the people were kind and neighborly, honest and sincere — drunkenness and vice were unknown. 'We should have been surprised,' says Mofolo, 'to find a country without police, prison, taxes, or king,' but Fekisi was not surprised at this, since these were unknown to him — except so far as he might have expected to find a Paramount Chief. What did surprise him was the general atmosphere of peace and good-will. He was introduced to 'a large and beautiful house, splendidly adorned, in which prayer was made to God,' and he heard that a great festival would shortly take place. He became uneasy, thinking that he ought to go on, as his journey was not yet finished, and he prayed for guidance, but no light came. 'The feast arrived, but there was still no answer, no voice, no dream — nothing.'

But it is this feast day which brings him to the end of his quest. Kneeling among the people in the church, as the minister repeats the words 'Ye have come to mount Zion, the city of the living God,' he has a vision of the Son of Man, and springs up to meet Him with a rapturous cry. Afterward 'they found Fekisi gazing upward; the mist had cleared away; his face was full of joy and gladness and peace, the peace of one who has found the Son of Man. When they looked at him more closely, they saw that the body alone remained; the spirit had gone to his Maker, into the light, while the flesh was left behind in the house of prayer.'

Here the book ends. This bald summary will perhaps be enough to show that, in its own line, it is a remarkable work.

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PIONEER PASSAGES OF THE ATLANTIC[1]

BY CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS — AND SUCCESSORS

[THE name of Signor Christopher Columbus, a well-known Italian navigator in the Spanish service, is undoubtedly familiar to our readers. His co-authors are Herr Ernst Lassen, who wrote a book about the German commercial submarine Deutschland which electrified the world by popping up in Baltimore harbor before America entered the war; and Herr A. Wittemann, navigation officer of the ZR-III, which, though not the first airship to cross the Atlantic, was the first to make the passage direct from the Continent.]

I

Friday, August 3, 1492. — Set sail from the bar of Saltes at 8 o'clock, and proceeded with a strong breeze till sunset, sixty miles or fifteen leagues S., afterward SW. and S. by W., which is the direction of the Canaries.

Friday, September 14. — Steered this day and night W. twenty leagues; reckoned somewhat less. The crew of the Nina stated that they had seen a *grajao*, and a tropic bird, or water-wagtail, which birds never go farther than twenty-five leagues from the land.

Tuesday, September 25. — Very calm this day; afterward the wind rose. Continued their course W. till night. The Admiral held a conversation with Martin Alonzo Pinzon, captain of the Pinta, respecting a chart which the Admiral had sent him three days before, in which it appears he had marked down certain islands in that sea; Martin Alonzo was of opinion that they were in their neighborhood, and the Admiral replied that he thought the same, but as they had not met with them, it must have been owing to the currents which had carried them to the NE. and that they had not made such progress as the pilots stated. The Admiral directed him to return the chart, when he traced their course upon it in presence of the pilot and sailors.

At sunset Martin Alonzo called out with great joy from his vessel that he saw land, and demanded of the Admiral a reward for his intelligence. The Admiral says, when he heard him declare this, he fell on his knees and returned thanks to God, and Martin Alonzo with his crew repeated *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, as did the crew of the Admiral. Those on board the Nina ascended the rigging, and all declared they saw land. The Admiral also thought it was land, and about twenty-five leagues distant. They remained all night repeating these affirmations.

Wednesday, September 26. — Continued their course W. till the afternoon, then SW., and discovered that what they had taken for land was nothing but clouds.

Monday, October 8. — Steered WSW. and sailed day and night eleven or twelve leagues; at times during the night, fifteen miles an hour. Many land birds, flying toward the SW., also *grajaos*, ducks, and a pelican were seen.

Tuesday, October 9. — All night heard birds passing.

Wednesday, October 10. — Here the men lost all patience, and complained of the length of the voyage, but the

[1] From the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin Stinnes-Estate daily), *May* 31

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Admiral encouraged them in the best manner he could, representing the profits they were about to acquire, and adding that it was to no purpose to complain; having come so far, they had nothing to do but continue on to the Indies till, with the help of our Lord, they should arrive there.

Thursday, October 11. — Steered WSW.; and encountered a heavier sea than they had met with before in the whole voyage. Saw pardelas and a green rush near the vessel. The crew of the Pinta saw a cane and a log; they also picked up a stick which appeared to have been carved with an iron tool, a piece of cane, a plant which grows on land, and a board. The crew of the Nina saw other signs of land, and a stalk loaded with rose berries. These signs encouraged them, and they all grew cheerful. Sailed this day till sunset, twenty-seven leagues.

After sunset steered their original course W. and sailed twelve miles an hour till two hours after midnight, going ninety miles, which are twenty-two leagues and a half; and as the Pinta was the swiftest sailer, and kept ahead of the Admiral, she discovered land and made the signals which had been ordered. The land was first seen by a sailor called Rodrigo de Triana, although the Admiral at ten o'clock that evening standing on the quarter-deck saw a light, but so small a body that he could not affirm it to be land. Calling to Pero Gutierrez, groom of the King's wardrobe, he told him he saw a light, and bid him look that way, which he did and saw it. He did the same to Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, whom the King and Queen had sent with the squadron as comptroller, but he was unable to see it from his situation. The Admiral again perceived it once or twice, appearing like the light of a wax candle moving up and down, which some thought an indication of land. But the Admiral held it for certain that the land was near; for which reason, after they had said the *Salve* which the seamen were accustomed to repeat and chant after their fashion, the Admiral directed them to keep a strict watch upon the forecastle and look out diligently for land, and to him who should first discover it he promised a silken jacket, besides the reward which the King and Queen had offered, which was an annuity of ten thousand maravedis. At two o'clock in the morning, the land was discovered, at two leagues' distance; they took in sail and remained under the square-sail lying to till day, which was Friday, when they found themselves near a small island, one of the Lucayos, called in the Indian language Guanahani. Presently they descried people, naked, and the Admiral landed in the boat, which was armed, along with Martin Alonzo Pinzon and Vincent Yanez his brother, captain of the Nina. The Admiral bore the royal standard, and the two captains each a banner of the Green Cross, which all the ships had carried; this contained the initials of the names of the King and Queen each side of the cross, and a crown over each letter. Arrived on shore, they saw trees very green, many streams of water, and divers sorts of fruits. The Admiral called upon the two captains, and the rest of the crew who landed, as also to Rodrigo de Escovedo, notary of the fleet, and Rodrigo Sanchez, of Segovia, to bear witness that he before all others took possession (as in fact he did) of that island for the King and Queen his sovereigns.

II

On June 23, 1916, the world's first commercial submarine, the Deutschland, 2000 tons, Captain Paul König, Helgoland, began her voyage, and after covering 3800 knots reached the harbor of

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Baltimore in good condition on July 10, 1916. Of the 180 tons of oil with which she had set out across the ocean, ninety remained, and of her twenty tons of water she still had ten. Her Captain declared after his arrival in America: 'Our voyage proves that a submerging ship of the Deutschland class can go anywhere in the world. She has a cruising-radius of 13,000 miles.'

A participant in the journey wrote: 'Everything seems quiet and peaceful. Suddenly the officer of the watch puts his glasses to his eyes. Over there, far off in the distance, there is a wreath of something that looks like the faint smoke of a steamer. Slowly it becomes clearer until through the glasses one can make out the masts. The lookout calls a few words down the speaking-tube in the conning-tower, and the commander hurries up from within the ship to his side. Instantly his keen eye takes in the situation. Like lightning, he forms a decision. The touch of a button. Already the alarm bells are shrieking their message to the whole craft. There is a hustle and push of the crew through the hatches, and in a moment the deck is clear. Only two figures are left — the captain and the officer of the deck in the conning-tower. Now even the officer disappears, swinging down to his post by the submarine rudder. The captain takes a last look around; then he too goes below. There is a clear call: "The tower hatch is closed!" A siren shrieks, and slowly the giant steel fish sinks into its element, while its eye rises over the surface of the water at the same time, in order to look about. The captain observes the horizon through his periscope.

'"Down to thirty metres!" comes the command, and automatically the order is carried out with swift coöperation. A deadly stillness reigns inside, where all the mental and physical strength of the crew is concentrated on their work. The boat goes slowly down, and the last trace of the waves' motion soon ceases. There is only a gentle quiver from the motor and propellers in the stern, which goes through the steel hull. Otherwise every disturbance seems to have disappeared. Quietly and securely the ship glides through the water, lighted to a sapphire blue by the sun, which floods down through the tower, with its thick glass shield, a magical and unearthly light. From stem to stern one can observe the whole ship as a unit.

'Porpoises rub their backs against the steel wall. Fine bubbles that look like strings of pearls float up from their bodies as they swim past the round dial. Everything is quiet, and each man gives himself up to the pleasure of the moment as the magic of life beneath the water wakes and captures every mind. Who can put into words the reflections that occur to him here, in this narrow room? Who can paint this picture from Heaven and Hell of hurrying, shrieking machinery and the cool calm of the blue grotto in the tower?

'Up above danger is threatening. There is need, therefore, of care lest we be lost in the boundless sea. Every nerve is tense, and every man stands at his station ready for the command, in the place which has been appointed to him, the place which only he can and may fill, indifferent to what else may happen.

'From time to time a sharp, clear command breaks the stillness. The captain goes nearer to the listening-device and listens. Everything seems to be quiet. "Rise to twelve metres!" comes from his lips. The slender body of the giant fish swings slowly upward. The blue light through the tower hatch becomes brighter, more golden. The deep breath of the sea, of which there was no trace down below, becomes noticeable once more. The machines set dully to work driving out the water

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ballast with a loud noise. "Hatches off!" and through them the light of heaven gleams down again into the depths of the ship. Everyone hurries on deck again, and the men rejoice.'

[From Ernst Lassen's book *Handels-U-Boot 'Deutschland' Fahrt nach Amerika.*]

III

From the log of the ZR-III: —

It was just 6.35 on the twelfth of October when the ZR-III rose from her native land into her element, after holding all of us in her arms for several days. Not yet fifty metres above the ground, and we had vanished from the eyes that looked after us, and only the strains of the 'Deutschland' song came up to us for a few short minutes. Except for four American officers, we had no passengers on this trip, and the ship carried thirty-one persons in all. Every one of the twenty-seven men in the crew knew exactly what he had to do.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we changed watches, the crew being divided in two watches exactly as on a ship at sea. In the meantime we had reached 0° longitude, and the ship's clock was put back an hour in order to conform with the sun. Our course was toward the northwest coast of Spain, diagonally across the Bay of Biscay, a body of water which all seafaring men fear, but to-day everything was quiet, and only a few little whitecaps crowned the waves. So far a clear sea.

Over the Azores. On our long journey we have used up so much weight that the ship is becoming hard to hold down. Rising to 2000 metres in order to release gas, we find ourselves above the clouds. From the port side we see towering up the steep crater-summit of Pico, the island of Pico, which is said to be visible only twice a year, being cut off from view the rest of the time by constant clouds. But we were on a level with it.

With the Azores left behind we strike out toward New York. More than 2500 kilometres lie behind us, and we must go, all in all, more than 4000 kilometres above the waves. The water supply is good, everyone on board in excellent spirits.

At six o'clock Monday afternoon, at 38° 15′ north and 52° 10′ west, one half of the way lies behind us. We are already calculating when we shall reach the American continent, but one must never boast too soon. The night of Monday-Tuesday showed how seriously it is possible to miscalculate. Out of the blue sky and horizon little white clouds began to gather. After an hour we were in the midst of the whole thing. Gray and black clouds whirled past. The temperature was sultry and oppressive. A damp hot wind went rushing past us. Slowly the sea grew more disturbed, and by midnight there was raging beneath us the most beautiful storm that we had ever struck. The dance of the waves was dreadful to see. We felt sorry for the poor men in ships at sea who had to hold fast to their beds and endure the other inevitable results. Up here above we scarcely felt the violence of the storm that was slipping heavily past down below.

It was going hard down there. A wind of twenty to twenty-two metres a second up where we were — not what you could call fair weather. A regular hothouse temperature. Coats and vests were pulled off, and the men at the wheels were in their shirt-sleeves. The rain came whipping in through every crevice until the floor of the pilot's gondola was swimming. I pulled off shoes and stockings. At eight o'clock Tuesday morning we could register a wind of nine to ten metres a second, and had to alter the course 35° to 40°, so badly had our ship been blown about. There is no chance of astronomical observations, for everything was cov-

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ered with clouds. We resigned ourselves to an inevitably large error.

At seven o'clock in the morning at 38° north and 42° west we go through a very thick and violent squall of rain. As we have had quite enough of this kind of trouble, we must look about for more favorable weather. The meteorological news indicates that to the north of us we may expect east winds, and so we alter our course sharply for the north in order to make use of this air current.

Nine o'clock Tuesday morning. A steamer gave us her position by wireless as 41° north and 44° 10′ west. As we had supposed and expected, we had been driven out of our course to the north — which, as matters stood, was rather desirable, for it helped us to get into better surroundings more speedily. On the water great patches of gulfweed began to appear — a sign that we had reached the vicinity of the Gulf Stream. The wind turned from the south to southeast. We were reaching the desired current. At a speed of some 166 kilometres an hour we made up what we had lost during the night, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, at 44° 25′ north and 52° west, after sixty hours of voyaging, we were still hurrying toward our goal at a good rate.

Off the Grand Banks we ran into the ill-famed Newfoundland fog which seamen dread. We had now experienced almost everything that one can experience at sea — rain, wind, storm, and fog; but in spite of this there was no decline in our spirits, for whoever goes to sea must expect that kind of thing. At six o'clock in the evening the electromophon played the Deutschmeister March and a jazz dance which permitted some of the crew to shake their toes, while another group started a three-man game of scat.

People are getting used to the long voyage. On the second day there was a general weariness. To-day everybody feels pretty well at home. So far not the least disturbance has appeared on board. The five Maybach engines are working wonderfully and tirelessly making their 1400 revolutions a minute. They have already used up fifteen tons of benzine, but there is still enough and we can hold out. At 10.18 in the evening we made sight of the first American lighthouse — a great moment. Our position here is 43° 42′ north and 59° 48′ west. It is the Sable Island light.

The greater part of our passage is now accomplished, and by means of lights and landmarks we turn our course to Boston, the first American city over which we are to fly. At 4:15 Wednesday morning by New York time the first greetings from Germany are sent down with our lights. The city is still lying asleep, but a few pocket-lights blink us a welcome. Already long before this, while we were far out to sea, ship and crew had been greeted by a none too powerful wireless. Good wishes come from Europe and America. A radio orchestra sends us a magnificent concert even in this early morning hour. Thus, after seventy-four and three-fourths hours of travel we had reached this first American city — an excellent record for the ship, in spite of the bad weather we had encountered.

At the landing-place in Lakehurst everything was ready. At 9.37 Wednesday morning October 15 the ZR-III touched American soil. In eighty-one hours of clear running-time we had laid behind us 8000 kilometres, with an average hourly speed of 99 kilometres. More than seven tons of benzine for another twenty-four hours were still on board.

[From the log book of the ZR-III by A. Wittemann, navigation officer.]

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THE ADVENTURER[1]

BY THOMAS BURKE

He stood at the window of one of the big shipping-offices in Cockspur Street; a shabby, nondescript figure, peering at it through his steel-rimmed spectacles, as hungry men stare at restaurant windows. His overcoat was six years old; his boots were turned over. His hair when last cut had been cut by a back-street barber who had left little tufts where they should not be. His trousers bagged far out from the knee. His hands were clasped in front of him and the fingers were wrestling with each other, and his sharp nose was almost on the glass. You would have said from his figure that his age was round about forty, and it was; though his face was the keen, simple face of an awkward youth.

The window at which he gazed was dressed in the fashion of other shipping-office windows. There were models of liners, placards showing enchanting vistas of foreign ports, lists of vessels and their sailing-dates, and little pyramids of pamphlets and fare-tables. And he stared and stared at them as though feeding starved eyes and mind. Cockspur Street was off his homeward way, which was from Bedford Street to Stockwell, but every evening he crossed Trafalgar Square and spent some fifteen minutes moving from window to window and staring. For years this had been his custom, and for years more it would be unless — unless that hunger were appeased; the hunger for travel, adventure, movement, and encounter, which come so seldom to book-keepers who have always been book-keepers.

The very sight of those model liners moved his blood as music or pictures move other people. The sight of the boat train leaving Victoria filled him with yearning. The reading of a book of travel or exploration or escape kept him awake all night. In the late evenings, after his tea, he called regularly at a quiet little public-house in a side-street of Stockwell, and there he had often listened to the tales of young men who had been at the war. Stirring stuff! And he an inspiring listener who brought out their best. His face gave them clamorous applause; and at the end of each tale he made one quiet comment. 'Ah!' and a sigh. 'Ah! That's an adventure I'd a-liked to have. I'd a-loved to gone about and Done Things. But I don't know. . . . Other fellows seem to get these chances, but nothing ever happens to me. What you was saying about India — being stalked by a tiger — I'd a-loved to have had that experience. It must a-been grand.'

'Oh, I dunno. Anyway, you don't need to go abroad for adventure. You can get it wherever you are if you ask for it. Try knocking a copper's helmet off.'

'Ah, you don't understand what I mean.'

Nobody did. Nor did he ever try to make them. He only knew that there burned in him — always had burned in him — this desire for adventure, this hunger for strange seas and desperate

[1] From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* (London popular journal), *March* 28

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enterprise that filled him with shame when he looked at himself in the mirror. Adventure never came to people like him. Great things happened to other men. They went abroad. They saw fresh scenes. They had dealings with things he had only read about. They saw palms and pavilions and white beaches and ice-bound channels and blue mountain-tops. They had battles with hurricanes, journeys over snow, struggles with fierce animals and savage men: things that he would never know. Always he would be a bookkeeper in Bedford Street; and adventure never beckoned to bookkeepers.

He moved slowly away from Cockspur Street like a child taken away from his toys, and went at his usual pace down Whitehall, across Broadway, and along Millbank. The month was March, and the evening held the cold, uncertain light of the laboring spring. The sky was hard and clear. Along the river the lamps were already lit and made ghostly presences in the lingering day. In that light they seemed wrong, almost unclean. In the river were boats and barges and little tugs. He stopped to look at them; they were Going Somewhere. If one could get on one of them and go down to the docks, and then get on a tramp and go out of the Thames, and — ah!

He walked on, and across Vauxhall Bridge, and slowly the dusk came down; and as it came down it got into his brain and set him making up a foolish story of adventure in which he was the principal figure, and suffered greatly, and Did Things. There was something in the air to-night that gave him ideas; the adventure was more firmly wrought and more crowded than his usual imaginings. Vauxhall Bridge, in the dusk, was frankly and beautifully Vauxhall Bridge, but to his untrained mind Vauxhall Bridge was not good enough. He made it a bridge at Budapest and, taking liberties with geography, made Doulton's Tower a campanile and the Victoria Tower a Norwegian cathedral, and Lambeth Palace a part of the Escurial, and the arches of the South Western Railway were some queer corner of the lower part of Mozambique or Tamatave in Madagascar — names that thrilled him. On a night like this, in a place like that, anything might happen. The little streets of Tamatave — which ran from South Lambeth Road into Kennington — might hold nameless perils or the sweet and potent spells of countries behind the moon. An open door, a lighted window, an arm raised from the sill; and who knows where it might end? Somewhere down there in the darkness, in one of those strange houses, his passport to adventure might be waiting. A knock at a door, a chance word, and beauty and high endeavor might be his. Just one casual encounter, and —

A girl, passing, looked into his face and smiled. 'Going for a walk in the park, son?'

He turned his face away, dropped his eyes, pulled his coat round him, and changed his pace to a stride. Then resumed his tale.

Any one of those houses — any one. Queer things, houses. Dumb; and yet they looked as if they could speak and tell queer stories. Any one of them might hold adventure when you came to think of it. Supposing one got, say, to Odessa, and went out of the station and down a side turning, and opened the first unfastened door one came to, and went in. What then? Something, certainly. Something strange and moving; something different from Stockwell and Bedford Street. Suppose this was the side street in Odessa, and that house opposite, all dark but with a light in the top room, were the house; and suppose one —

At that point adventure thrust out a

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finger and lightly touched him and beckoned him to follow. Out of the recesses of a yard, whose entrance he was passing, came a hiss, a series of hisses; the soft noise with tongue and teeth by which street boys attract attention. He stopped short, startled, and went hot, as he always did when spoken to suddenly. He peered into the mauve shadow of the yard. In it he could just discern the figure of a man — a little man in shirt and trousers. His braces hung behind him, and he was supporting the trousers with his hands, arms out. His hair was touzled. The face could not be seen, but in that situation the figure and attitude held a hint of something that turned the bookkeeper's stomach. What lay behind him in the yard, whether sheds or houses or emptiness, could not be seen, and before the bookkeeper could begin guessing the hiss was repeated, and then a low whistle.

'Sst!' And then 'Oy!' And then, softly, 'Mister! Oy! 'Alf a mo!'

'Eh?'

''Ere. 'Alf a mo. I want yeh.'

'What?'

'Come in a minute. I can't come outa the yard like this. I want yeh.'

'What me? Er — what — '

'Come in!' The voice was husky, but urgent. 'I want ya. It's serious. Reely.' He took one hand from his trousers and waved it, miming seriousness. ''Ere — guv'nor. I say — '

'Well — er — what is it? Why don't you tell me what you want?'

'I can't. Not 'ere. Come 'ere a minute. I want yeh!'

He turned away, confused. 'I — I'm sorry. I — I'm in a hurry. I can't stop. I — '

'No, but, mister — My missus — '

And then, as he turned away, he saw that the horrid, crouching figure was moving toward him out of the yard; and as it moved it began to run. His body went cold, and his face blue. 'Here! Oy!'

But he waited for no more. In that moment the yard seemed to fill itself with a cloud of fear that shrouded unnameable things. With one look behind him, he turned and ran, and ran down South Lambeth Road until his chest told him that he must stop. Mercifully he heard no following feet, and, looking back when near the Swan, he saw a vague thing with two strings hanging behind it slink back into the yard.

He hurried home to his lodgings in Studley Road, and when he got there he found himself stirred up and shaking. He sat down; but he could not settle to his tea. The incident overclouded every corner of his mind. It was lucky that he'd had sense enough to run. It was smart of him to be dignified and determined and not stop to debate the matter. A silly fellow would have stopped and listened to the man, and got into conversation, and into God knows what afterward. Chances were that he'd had a narrow escape from a very nasty affair. He was almost going in when the man called; almost. If the man had n't run at him, he would; and then, who knows what might have happened? That yard — he had never noticed it before; but the horror of it, the sheer horror of its dusk and that figure. What did he want? What game was he up to? Some nasty game, you might be sure, from his secrecy and his condition, and being in that place. If he had n't run he might have been in the thick of it by now; might even have been dead. You never knew. Queer things happened in London. He saw that yard as a cavern mouth, the lair of desperate men. At the thought that he might have got mixed up in some criminal affair he went both hot and cold.

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There might have been a gang of them who wanted him in there to cover up some doing of their own. He remembered a play he had seen called *The Silver King*, where a man had been made drunk and left with a dead body and suspected of the murder. They might have got him into a dark house or a dark shed down there, and done all sorts of things to him. You could be attacked in horrible ways in a dark house — maimed, perhaps for life, or disfigured. Or they might have tried to get him in there to play cards for a lot of money, and follow him about and wait outside his house for weeks until he had paid. Or there might have been a private row on, and the police would have come in and he would have been drawn into it as one of them, and taken to court and his name and story printed in the papers for people to laugh at his disgrace. Or it might have been one of those gangs that he had read about that would get you drunk and make you do something, and then blackmail you and terrorize you all your life. You never knew. It was just in ways like that, getting into talk with queer people, that men got drawn into messes that they never heard the last of. Supposing he had been fool enough to answer that man and go into the yard — it might have been the end of everything that made life agreeable. He might never have known another minute's peace.

The way the man had run at him. . . . Clearly he had some guilty secret that he wanted to share or dispose of; anybody in his senses could see that by his manner. Speaking about his 'missus' was, of course, a blind. These crooks used any trick to get hold of people. Think of the dirty business that might have happened — a dead woman — perhaps a dead child — perhaps a hoard of stolen goods that they wanted to leave him with. Perhaps —

Ugh! He tried to shake off the memory, but it would n't go. He felt too queer to take his usual glass at the little place round the corner, and at last, to escape from its oppression, he took down a book describing a journey from China to Lhasa in disguise.

That was six months ago. And now, whenever he is in company where adventures are spoken of, his eye lights up, he nods wisely, and he thrusts a finger into the group with: 'Ah! — talking of adventures reminds me. You don't need to go abroad for adventures. London's full of 'em. Give you an instance.' Then, with the ring of self-conviction in his voice: 'I had an adventure some time back. In an empty house. Not far from here, neither. Really, it's a wonder I'm alive today. I was coming down Vauxhall Bridge Road when a man came out of a yard. It was night, mind you, and dark. He came out of a yard and called me. I went in. And he took me to an empty house in that yard. And when he struck a match, I see on the floor of the downstairs room, the body of a woman, bleeding from the throat. He never spoke. Then two other men come in and they never spoke neither. Well, when they came in I saw there was going to be trouble, and I turned to do a bunk. And then the match went out and they came for me. Three of 'em. In the dark. I shall never forget that struggle as long as I live. Have one with me, and I'll tell you about it.'

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MY COUNTRY COTTAGE[1]

BY A. A. THOMSON

LAST April I wrote an article on 'Country Cottages and How to Live in Them.' On the first of May I took it to my favorite editor.

'Sit down,' he said, 'and let my secretary brush the snow off your overcoat.' Then he read the article.

'This,' said he, 'is the most brilliant article I have ever read.'

Well, I knew that.

'But,' said he, 'it's summer stuff. Bring it back in a month's time.'

On the first of June I struggled back, wading in gumboots to his office.

'Write me an article on water-polo or Channel-swimming,' said the editor. 'I shall have to hold this one back for a bit. Come and see me in July.'

On the first of July I was in bed with influenza, which, by August Bank Holiday, had turned to double pneumonia.

On the first of September I put on three mackintoshes and, boarding the punt moored outside my bedroom window, paddled to the railway station. I swam breast-stroke from Liverpool Street Station to Long Acre and floated on my back into the editor's room.

'About that article,' I began, sipping the hot brandy and water he handed me.

'I'm afraid there's no hope for it now,' he said, 'unless you change it to "Submarine Warfare," or "Venice as I Saw It."'

'My idea,' I ventured, 'was to have it published as a sort of historical romance, recalling the dear, dead days when England had a summer. A very wistful and tender little thing.'

'Very well,' said he.

So here we are. A country cottage. I take it that everyone has wanted to live in a country cottage — a low, deep-thatched nest with broad gables, and diamond-paned windows, embowered in climbing roses and approached by winding, crazy paths, where golden sunlight gilds the dappled lawns and the Wings of Peace brush softly as a poet's kiss. Keys next door. Premium, £500. I beg your pardon. . . .

My cottage is like that. The house-agent quoted practically the whole of Shelley before he sold it to me. And I like it. So would you. Anyone can live in a country cottage if his wants are few.

Some people are unreasonable, of course. Some people want to eat, for instance. In a village, you can buy corned beef and tinned beans at the grocer's. If you can live for a year on bully and beans, all is well. You are catered for. If, on the contrary, corned beef revolts you and the name of Heintz sends shudders through your frame, you are without hope. Go back to London.

There is a quaintly amusing legend — I cannot say how it originated — that fresh milk, golden butter, and green vegetables may be obtained in the country. Ha, ha, ha! A vastly amusing story. Still, if you can arrange to have these things sent down daily from town, you need not starve.

Then again, some people want to sleep. This is hardly possible in the

[1] From the *Passing Show* (London humorous weekly), *October* 4

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country. I once knew a man who had a flat over an Inner Circle Station. At intervals of three minutes all through the night, Underground trains thundered madly by, directly underneath his bed. The noise was maddening and the water-jug on his washstand gave a perpetual Melville Gideon playing 'Kitten on the Keys.'

Yet my friend slept like a top. But when he took a country cottage he could not sleep a wink. The unearthly silence of the rural night, he told me, gave him insomnia.

He was a liar, of course. The rural night is fitted with no silencer. At short intervals you will hear what appears to be the moaning of disembodied spirits in eternal agony. Do not write to Conan Doyle about this. It is only the owls.

Then you will hear sounds like a rusty buzz-saw heard through a three-valve set. This is the corn crakes. All our corn crakes have loud speakers. And they never close down for the night.

Finally, you may be an author and want to work. (I believe authors call what they do, work.) The following table sketches an average morning's work, as performed by a cottage-bound author:—

A.M.
10.00 Sit down by study window with writing-pad.
10.01 Dash out and chase next-door goat from pergola.
10.15 Daddy longlegs commits hara-kiri in ink-well.
10.30 Interval to watch Earwigs' Olympiad on ceiling.
10.45 Receive deputation *re* recovery of cricket ball from cucumber-frame.
11.00 Vicar calls for subscription to Our Dumb Friends' League.
11.02 Dog fight on lawn.
11.15 Eldest child falls down well.

And so on. Still, otherwise, cottage-life is wholly delightful. Except this year, which, they tell me, is a wet year.

Anyway, my cottage is to let. There is some good fishing — from the roof. Would suit authors . . .

Preferably a Naval Correspondent.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

BY H. D.

[*Adelphi*]

WHERE, Corinth, charm incarnate, are your shrines?
Your citadel? Your towered wall? Your line
Of noble women? Your ancient treasure?
And that ten thousand of your people lost?

War wreaked on you his hideous ravishment;
We, we alone, Nereids inviolate,
Remain to weep, with the sea-birds to chant;
Corinth is lost, Corinth is desolate.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

DRAMA IN DIFFICULTIES

Two bits of dramatic news, neither very important, but each in its way interesting, have lately come out of the Near East. One concerns the revival of the Turkish stage — which needed a good deal of reviving, seeing that it has always had precious little life; and the other a brand-new departure in opera — nothing less than a Tatar opera under official Soviet auspices.

The Turkish dramatic revival turns out to be no great matter after all, since the first and only production, *Chaban*, is already several years old, though now produced for the first time in Constantinople, and for lack of artists had to be presented in a German translation by a visiting troupe from Vienna.

The author is Jelal Essad Bey. His play, or rather operetta, was first produced in 1918 at the Volksoper in Vienna. It is not remarkable for mastery of stage technique, but its very simplicity gives it a certain charm. The music is based on Turkish themes, but is said to resemble Puccini's. The story recounts how a simple villager leaves his native village to seek his fortune in Stamboul, how he falls in love with a great man's wife, how they are discovered, how his neglected wife saves her husband and leads him back at length to their village home.

Theatrical history in Constantinople records more excitement than successes. There have been two theatres whose companies consisted mainly of Armenians, who performed a number of native plays and translations; but Sultan Abdul-Hamid, when he came to the throne, looked with dismay on the performance of national plays, and the theatre languished to revive only after the Constitution was proclaimed. Today Turkish women are slowly finding their way on to the stage and replacing the Armenian actresses whose pronunciation of the Turkish language has always been an obstacle to dramatic success.

The first Tatar opera, *Sania*, is a result of the obstinate Soviet policy of developing local cultures whether they are there already or not. Now, as the official *Izvestia* itself admits, 'whatever Tatar culture existed before was never conspicuous enough to make itself known.' None the less, when an important Commissar decreed 'Let Tatar opera be!' it *was* — and there an end of the matter.

Such is the origin of *Sania*, which is the outcome of collaboration between 'the Bashkir folklore singer Almuhametov, the music-teacher of the Oriental Musical Technicum in Kazan Gabiashi, and the composer Vinogradov.' From such a trio almost anything might result.

What actually did result turns out to be so difficult that even Russians baulk, and, as native Tatar operatic artists are few and far between, the Soviet impresarios had to press into service music students with Tatar blood. The music is borrowed from folk songs, but certain concessions have been made to European ideas of harmony. The first production was at an opera house in Kazan.

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MICHELANGELO'S LITTLE JOKE

THAT Michelangelo was something of a joker who quietly tucked his own face into his famous painting of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, whence it has peered slyly at the beholders undiscovered until 1923, is the astonishing statement of Professor Francesco La Cava of the University of Rome. This learned gentleman was studying the Last Judgment when he was suddenly aware that the artist's features are portrayed within the folds of the human skin which Saint Bartholomew is holding in his left hand — a reference to his traditional martyrdom by being flayed alive.

There seems to be no doubt about the portrait. Its genuineness is accepted by art critics and it is easily recognizable by any one familiar with the artist's features.

Professor La Cava's own story of his discovery is as follows: —

> I made the discovery by chance, in May, 1923. At first I could hardly believe the evidence of my own eyes. I looked at the fresco from every point of view; I examined it in every way. There was no doubt, it was Michelangelo himself! I spoke about it to the guides and attendants, but not one of them had ever heard even a tradition of a portrait of Michelangelo being concealed in the Last Judgment. I then began to study his life. I consulted hundreds of volumes, but could not find the slightest reference to this curious detail. I could only come to the conclusion that I really had made a discovery.

Professor Corrado Ricci suggests that there is also an allegory concealed in the painting. The head of Saint Bartholomew is an obvious portrait of Pietro Aretino, a cynical and scurrilous but extremely witty contemporary writer, who was a bitter foe of Michelangelo. Amid the general praise of the new painting, Aretino alone stood aside and violently attacked it. Michelangelo took a subtle revenge by painting his critic as Saint Bartholomew holding a knife in his right hand, but secretly hinted that it was himself, and not the Saint, who had been flayed by adding the portrait.

*

DIGGING UP ROMAN CITIES

THE Italian Government is pushing archæological research in Tripoli with interesting results. Of the three classical seaports only one, the present Tripoli, has survived. The other two, Sabrata and Leptis Magna, have slowly been obliterated with fine layers of sand, which has covered over the buildings to a depth of some thirty or forty feet. Excavations at Sabrata have been in progress for the last two years, and have laid bare a large temple, a fine amphitheatre, and public baths, mostly in excellent condition, for the sand is almost a perfect preservative. The buildings have been spared the fate which commonly overtakes ancient structures by the fact that the nomad tribes of the vicinity have no use for building-material or sculptures. The amphitheatre is said to be the most important and complete in North Africa. The discoveries are particularly important because little has previously been known about the city.

Leptis Magna, seventy-five miles east of Tripoli, is also yielding results said to be even finer than those at Sabrata, and it is quite possible that the whole of the ancient city will eventually emerge from the sand. So far a four-fronted triumphal arch has been dug up.

*

KU KLUXERY ABROAD

SIGNS of Ku Kluxery in the tight little island! The Birmingham correspondent of the *Daily Herald*, London Labor

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paper, has received the following missive from 'B. F.' — initials which presumably designate the 'British Fascisti': —

We have warned you once by telephone. This is the last time we shall tell you. Your attacks on the British Fascisti must stop, otherwise it will be the worse for you.

You got what you deserved at the Birmingham meeting, although it would have been twice as bad for you if we had known of your lying report in the 'rag' you misrepresent.

Since then you have thought fit to move an insulting resolution at a journalists' meeting. All we want to say is you have had enough rope and there will be no letter next time. Remember Pollitt!

Pollitt is a British Labor leader recently kidnapped but not injured. Officials of the British Fascisti pooh-pooh the whole thing.

THAT SOCIAL BLUNDER

SIR ALMERIC FITZROY, who was for a quarter of a century clerk to the Privy Council and in close official contact with Queen Victoria, King Edward, and King George, has lately begun to publish selections from his diary. Two items are of a special interest.

January 31, 1901. — In issuing the invitation 'to assist at the interment' of the late Queen, some curious oversights were permitted. Thus, Lord Cadogan showed me his invitation, wherein it was Lady Cadogan, and not he, who was asked to come 'in trousers,' a circumstance to which I called the Earl Marshal's attention when he was chaffing me a day or two later.

March 9, 1901. — The King evinced much interest in the bodkin with which the Roll of Sheriffs is pricked, and asked the Lord President how long it had been used. The Duke (of Devonshire) looked blankly at me, and I had the wit to say: 'It dates from a time when Your Majesty's ancestors were more expert with sword than the pen'; which was well received.

EPITAPH: A.D. 2125

A POET in the London *Outlook* — so much impressed with his own daring that he veils his identity behind the initials C. H. — has written an epitaph 'On a Writer of Plays,' with the further information that the aforesaid epitaph 'may be found somewhere in England about A.D. 2125.' The victim's name is revealed in the last word of the last line, but readers of the *Living Age* ought to be sporting enough not to look ahead but to read the poem straight through and see how soon they spot the subject's identity. Anyone who does not tumble by the end of the third line is permanently disqualified. The date 2125 ought in itself to be revelatory.

Stop, passer-by, and read the epitaph
Of one who caused his fellow men to laugh.
That he resembled Shakespeare he would boast—
Of all his jokes this made us laugh the most.
England, detested, for his home he chose,
That he might write in hateful English prose.
He sneered at English folk, and mocked their ways,
Yet took the cash they paid to see his plays.
But when, at last, he bowed to Nature's law,
No man was found to take the place of Shaw.

ABSENT-MINDED M. PAINLEVÉ

MR. ROLAND ATKINSON, Paris correspondent of the Sunday *Times*, sends home to London two entertaining anecdotes of the absent-mindedness of Premier Painlevé.

The French Premier, M. Painlevé, even more successful as mathematician than as politician, long ago eclipsed all French records for absent-mindedness, but he has beaten his own best twice within a few days. He was the principal guest at a political dinner at the house of one of his friends, and though all the other guests had been there for half an hour, nobody was surprised at the delay, for the Premier's idiosyncrasies are well known. But astonishment was provoked when, a quarter of an hour later, a telephone call to his official residence revealed that he had begun the

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short journey an hour before. A manservant who went downstairs to investigate, however, found M. Painlevé in the caretaker's lodge working out a mathematical problem, part of the home work of the caretaker's son.

In remembering he was M. Painlevé the mathematician, he had forgotten he was M. Painlevé the politician and political guest. But he regained everybody's sympathy by admitting that he had found the problem very difficult. M. Painlevé's next adventure was to forget the name of his Foreign Minister in full Chamber. On an interpellation he said, 'To-morrow may be unsuitable for debate, because my friend Monsieur ——' and here he stopped, pointing to M. Briand. Then he tried again, 'The ex-Premier, Monsieur ——' and he again halted, till, rocking with laughter, a hundred deputies called out, 'M. Briand.'

✻

KOUSSEVITSKY IN LONDON

MR. PERCY A. SCHOLES, the famous critic of the London *Observer*, in discussing the Koussevitsky concert with the London Symphony Orchestra, writes more flatteringly of the conductor than of the band. He complains bitterly that Mr. Koussevitsky is the eighth conductor with whom the L.S.O. has played this season. Of Mr. Koussevitsky he says: 'A conductor like Koussevitsky, who habitually spends himself on a single concert as though it were to be his last, and he were to appear before his Maker next day to give an account of his musical stewardship, can temporarily pull the orchestra back into something like its old best standard, but even he finds it an exhausting business.'

Mr. Scholes was somewhat surprised by the Koussevitsky habit of whipping up or slowing down the tempi. In Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, he took the last movement, where Beethoven has given the quarter note a metronome value of seventy-two, at about eighty-eight. On the other hand, he slowed down the middle section of the scherzo, which Beethoven marked eighty-four, to not far from forty-eight. Of his precision Mr. Scholes wrote: 'It was in itself an inspiring thing, but it produced a machine-cut rhythm, with a big emphasis on the first of the bar — rudely expressed, rather the rhythm of a stick dragged along railings than of a flowing river.'

✻

FLAPPERS OF ELDER DAYS

ADVERTISEMENT from the *Post Boy*, British periodical of the vintage of 1717, demonstrating that the flapper is not a strictly contemporory product: —

At the Dove and Golden Ball in Salisbury Court, dwelleth a gentlewoman that that prepares the most excellent cosmetics or beautfyers yet known; as the Nun's white pots and beautifying creams, and an East India Chinese red liquor, which gives a most natural and lasting blush, that no person can distinguish when on the face and will not rub off. She can also alter red or grey hair, and sets in artificial teeth.

✻

CAREFUL!

NOTICE in a coal mine near Pendlebury, England: —

Visitors are requested not to fall down the pit, as there are workmen at the bottom.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Les Armées françaises dans la Grande Guerre, Tome Premier. Ministère de la Guerre, État-Major de l'Armée. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale, 1925. 175 francs.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THE French official account of the war, of which the first volume of the first part has only just been published, though it bears the date 1922, is in striking contrast to the German, the first two volumes of which were recently reviewed. The production of the *Reichsarchiv* was an apologia, with a dash of propaganda, in which the blame for the failure of the knock-out blow that had been planned and expected was laid on the Reichstag for not providing sufficient men, and on Moltke, Kluck, and Bülow for their incapacity, and not a single document was printed in support of the narrative.

The French account is a severely cold and scientific statement of facts, without any comment. There is no attempt to conceal anything; and in support of the 480 pages of text — which carry the story only to the evening of August 23, 1914 — there are 1026 pages of documents, contained in an appendix, besides a case of thirty-eight excellent maps.

The book is, as the preface claims, an account 'on broad lines of the manner in which the High Command conducted the war and the development of the operations,' and in principle it seldom deals with bodies smaller than a corps, unless the action of some minor formation had a direct influence on the operations.

When this general survey is finished — and it is hoped to complete the Western Front in thirteen volumes, each with its accompanying volume of documents — it is intended to undertake the publication of monographs on operations of special interest. Here again the method is the exact opposite of the German; for the Great General Staff began the issue of monographs on the battles actually during the war, and the *Reichsarchiv* has continued the series. The French volume, again unlike the German, contains no orders of battle — these will be provided in two special volumes — and no account of the operations derived from the enemy side. The British official account, it would seem, has taken the mean between the French and the German.

The volume opens with an account of the genesis of the French Plan No. XVII, which was in force when war broke out. Its predecessors are briefly noticed; it is enough to look at the maps to see that none of them contemplated a German advance through Belgium north of the line Sambre-Meuse. General Michel's proposals for a plan which would counter such an attempt, which he felt sure would be made, are given, and the *procès-verbal* of the meeting of the *Conseil Supérieur de Guerre* when his proposals were rejected. It is now clear that they were never considered on their merits. M. Messimy, the Minister of War, who presided, only took a vote to decide whether certain details of the scheme affecting the reorganization of the reserves should be accepted, and this vote going against General Michel, M. Messimy declared the proposals root and branch inacceptable. He then got rid of the General by reorganizing the *Conseil Supérieur*.

Before the Dawn, by Toyohiko Kagawa. Translated from the Japanese by I. Fukumoto and T. Satchell. London: Chatto and Windus; New York: Doran, 1925. $2.50.

[*Observer*]

HERE is a book that has an international as well as a profoundly human significance. Novels about Japan we have had by the dozen. Most of these take the teacup and geisha coloring and present the country as a sort of decorative design of cherry blossoms, lanterns, and pretty moving dolls. The rest — like Mr. John Paris's stories — give a picture of almost unrelieved oppression of women and secret hostility to Westerners. This book does neither of these things. It shows us a Japanese tormented by the same mysteries, stirred by the same temptations, and reading the same literature as his young counterpart in England, and yet remaining so enormously different racially that the resemblances only serve to drive home the divergence.

The author of the book himself has lived through the experiences he describes. He is a slum-worker in the lowest quarters of Shin-Kawa, and we may take it that his narrative is in some sense autobiographical. After the first neurotic, tortured stages, it is the story of a life as heroic as the life of a Saint Francis, and its detail is hardly credible in the endurance it exacts.

The book is of immense length, and there is no space to discuss it with the thoroughness it deserves. The English reader must not be discouraged by the difficulties at the start. It

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begins with a good many, which smooth away as the characters emerge, and as one grows familiar with the many Japanese names. Four things, perhaps, should stand out in a short résumé — the extraordinary number of times that the hero 'sheds tears'; the huge incongruity of an occasional Western allusion or quotation, in the midst of purely local scenes (take, for instance, the hero's remembrance of the trial in *Alice in Wonderland* at a moment of personal danger); the independent attitude of the women in the book, with few exceptions; and the complete difference between East and West where humor is concerned.

Mr. Satchell and his late collaborator, Mr. Fukumoto, have done a difficult thing with obvious love and care, and the result is a novel more important than nine out of ten.

Masako, by Kikou Yamata. Paris: Stock, 1925.

[Henri de Régnier in *Le Figaro*]

In her novel, *Masako,* Mlle. Kikou Yamata describes the marriage of a charming heroine with her fiancé, Naoyoschi. Masako is a young Japanese girl of good family who genuinely loves Naoyoschi and who, though very 'modern,' tries to make her modernity fit in with the family traditions about marriage. Her union with Naoyoschi meets with resistance on the part of her old and conservative aunts, who are possessed of the ancient prejudice. Masako is by no means an enfranchised liberal. Though she thinks the rites forced on her are out of date, she respects them nevertheless and fulfills them with due minuteness, though with a charming smile of delicate irony.

We find all these nuances in Mlle. Kikou Yamata's subtle pages, together with a thousand details of picturesque custom, a mingling of agreeable realism with fine poetry. In her complex simplicity and her pious preciosity, and in her enigmatic poetry, Mlle. Kikou Yamata reveals to us some of her race's secrets and shows us some of their ways of seeing things and thinking about them. Her short novel is a rare document on the feelings of Japanese women. I may add that it is written with grace and purity in an elegant and flexible style. Mlle. Kikou Yamata deals with our language with an ingenious mastery. She is an excellent French writer.

Married Alive, by Ralph Straus. London: Chapman and Hall; New York: Holt, 1925. $2.00.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

Pivoting upon the conduct of a very marrying sort of man, Mr. Straus writes vivacious comedy and, in particular, records the conversation of three old ladies with delicious verve. We are not to trouble ourselves meticulously about the plausibilities in the case of Mr. Duxbury, whose exceptionally light blue eyes are found attractive by every woman he meets; we may perhaps wonder that so well-equipped a scoundrel should have risked bigamy, trigamy, and whatever it is called when a fourth ceremony is performed; but marriage opened the easy way to theft, and certainly those marriages made us the comedy of Aloysius Orme, of Mr. Fairfield, and of Lady Rocket. To Lady Rocket such things were n't done, except in Whitechapel; to Fairfield, a cricketer simply could n't do such things; to Orme, reader in social psychology at Cambridge, such things were unimportantly done until they became important to him when Duxbury first saved his life and then left him Amy to serve as stepping-stone to love with Viola. It is in the reactions of these three to the situations caused by Duxbury that the character-comedy resides, and as Mr. Straus is not writing a detective novel we need not complain that every novel-reader will foresee the solution to the Orme-Viola problem long before its statement comes to be made. Farce, with such a plot, necessarily impends; the feat is that we get instead a social comedy steered past the danger-points by a practised hand, and, decidedly, we were entertained.

❦

BOOKS MENTIONED

Lassen, Ernst. *Handels-U-Boot 'Deutschland' Fahrt nach Amerika.* Leipzig: Verlag Hermann Montanus.

Witteman, A. *Logbuch ZR-III.* Berlin: Theodor Fischer Verlag.

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"An Uncharted Course" is characteristic of Harriet Welles at her best.

Captain John W. Thomason Jr. illustrates it. He is the author and illustrator of "Fix Bayonets!" that remarkable narrative in the June Scribner's Magazine.

The August issue of Scribner's Magazine is not all fiction — not by a long shot.

E. M. East's "Heredity and Sex"; Henry Noble Sherwood's "The State and Religious Teaching"; George M. Harper's "Hardy, Hudson, Housman."

And Col. M. B. Stewart's "Youngsters vs. Oldsters."

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